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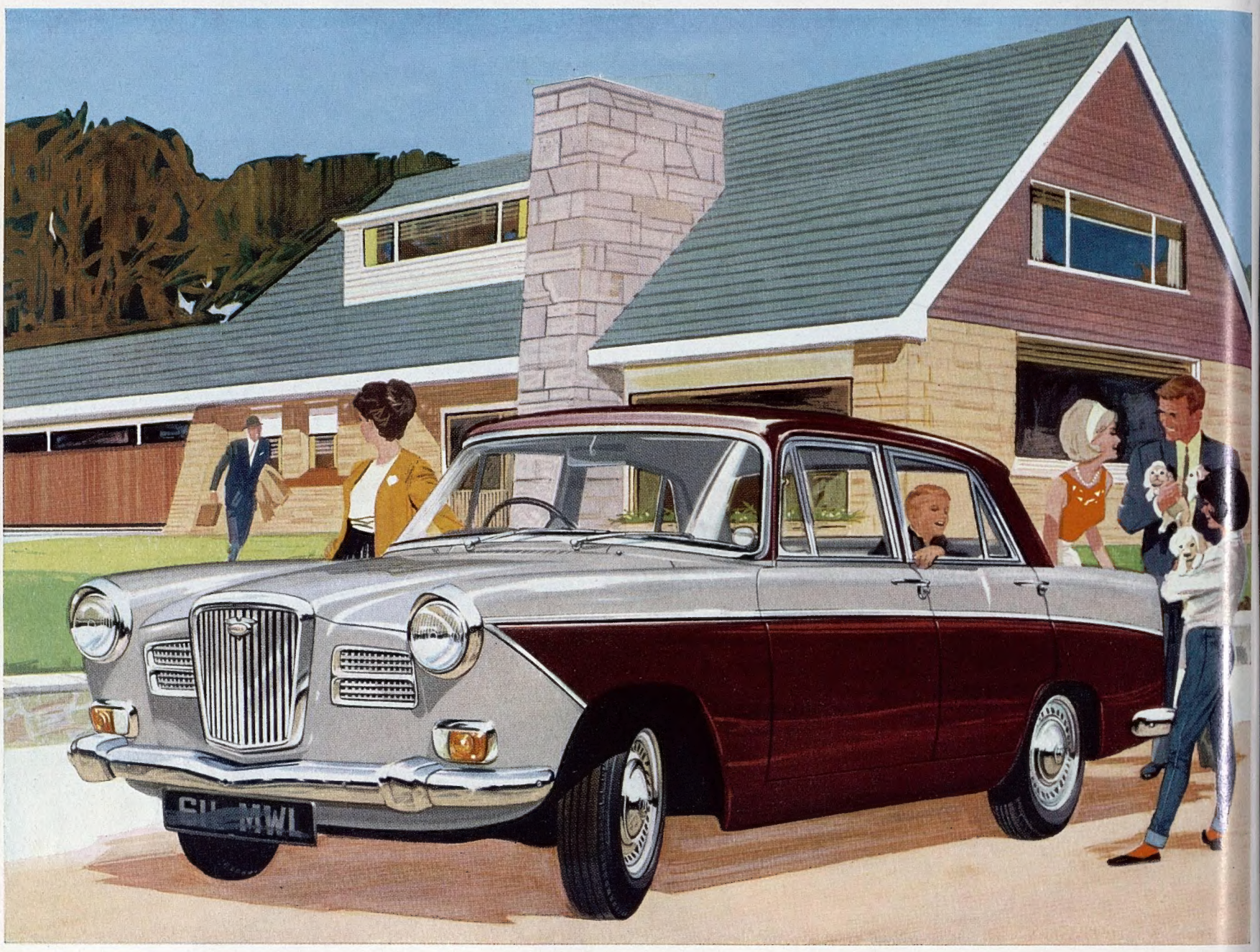

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THE SPHERE

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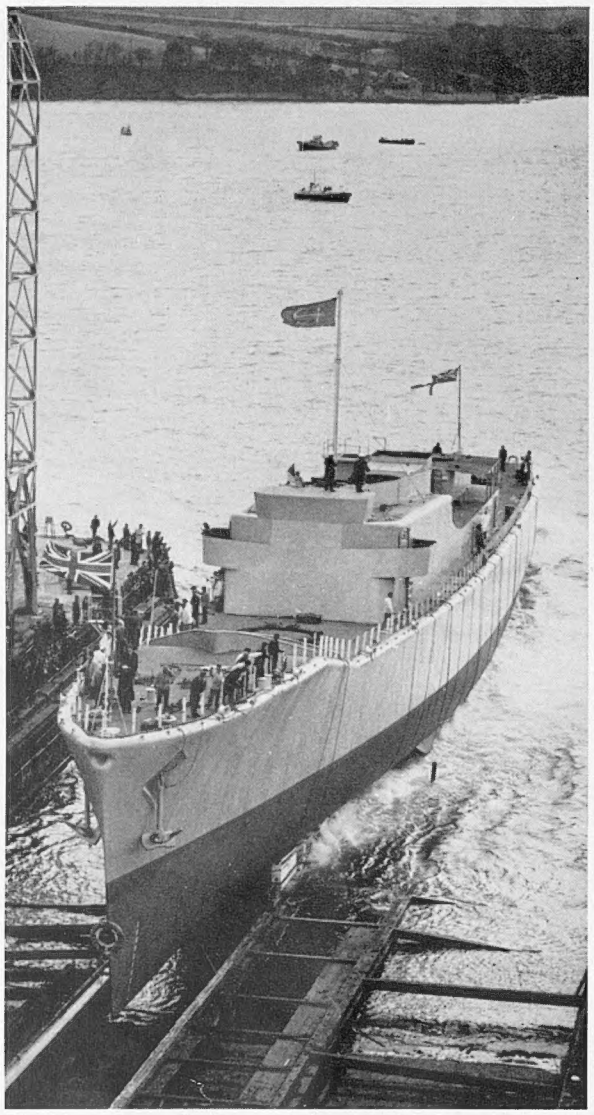
UN CHIEFS IN CYPRUS

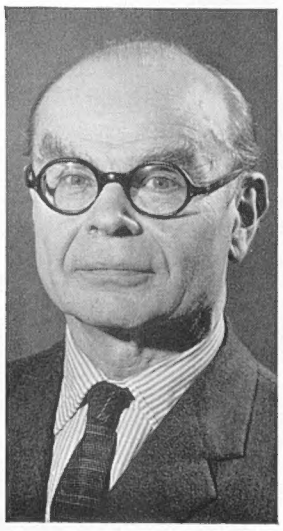
Mr Tuomioja, of Finland, the United Nations mediator in Cyprus, and General Gyani, of India, the commander of the UN forces, meet in Nicosia. As this week opened they faced a very serious situation on the island. Violence on a large scale had broken out again between the Greek and Turkish communities as result of the abrogation by President Makarios of the Treaty of Alliance between Britain, Greece and Turkey under which a party of 650 Turkish troops is stationed in Cyprus. In trying to stop communal clashes UN forces had to return fire in self-defence. In Ankara it was stated Turkey would stand by its treaty rights

THE NEWS IN PICTURES



Royal Navy's new frigate
At Devonport, Plymouth, the Leander-class frigate *Cleopatra* is launched from the slipway. The vessel is expected to be completed in two years, with a gunnery system controlled by radar, anti-submarine mortar, and the latest detection equipment. She has twin screws powered by steam turbines and an all-welded prefabricated hull

Brighton hotel on fire
Smoke billows from the roof of the Bedford Hotel on the Brighton seafront, where more than 100 firemen were called to control the flames. Two women died in the blaze. Eight other people were taken to hospital suffering from burns and the effects of smoke. Several guests staying at the 135-years-old hotel were rescued from the top floor



Sir John Rothenstein to retire
The Director of the Tate Gallery, Sir John Rothenstein, has announced his intention to retire before the end of the year. He has been the Director there for the past 25 years

The BEA Trident in service
The BEA Trident seen at Zurich airport after its first regular flight from London. On the same day as the first flight, Mr A. H. Milward succeeded Lord Douglas of Kirtleside as Chairman of BEA

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

Attentive in Cairo
Members of the newly elected National Assembly of the United Arab Republic listen to an address by President Nasser. He spoke for 2½ hours. One of the tasks of the Assembly is to frame a new constitution. An interim constitution came into force last month. It declares the UAR to be a socialist democratic, popular state

Border dispute discussions
President Abboud of Sudan is flanked in Khartoum by Sayed Abdullah Mahmoud (left), the Foreign Minister of Somaliland, and Ato Ketema Yifru, the Ethiopian Foreign Minister. The two ministers were leading their delegations to the conference on the Somali-Ethiopian frontier dispute which President Abboud had just opened

Hard training in Southern Africa
Soldiers of the 1st Battalion of the York and Lancaster Regiment leap boulders in the mountainous terrain near Msabane in the British Protectorate of Swaziland. They were taking part in an exercise to familiarise them with ambush attacks. British troops were called to Swaziland during the disturbances which occurred last summer

British industry in Spain
Mr Edward Heath, Britain's President of the Board of Trade, examines a model of one of the world's most powerful turbines in the British Industrial Fair in Barcelona. Showing it to him is Mr M. A. E. Bechtler, European export manager of the English Electric Company. Mr Heath was in Barcelona to open the Fair

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

← Death of a US hero

General Douglas MacArthur died in Washington on April 5, after a long illness. He is pictured here with his wife and son in 1961. The General led the Allies to victory against Japan in 1945 and commanded the UN forces in Korea until, because of his wish to bomb China, he was relieved of his duties by President Truman

↑ The Queen with her fourth child

The Queen leaves London for Windsor Castle with her fourth child and Prince Andrew. It was her first public appearance since the baby was born

Bicycling Education Minister →

Mr Quintin Hogg, Secretary of State for Education and Science, cycles along Piccadilly to the Ministry of Education

← Nato chief to leave

Dirk U. Stikker is to retire in mid-summer from his post as Secretary-General of Nato, for health reasons. He has held the post since April, 1961, and is a former Foreign Minister of the Netherlands. He was for six years the Dutch Ambassador to Britain

A visitor from Indonesia →

The Indonesian Minister of Foreign Affairs (left) talks to the Press at the start of his three-day official visit to the Netherlands. Later, he had discussions with Dr Luns (right), the Dutch Foreign Minister, before going on to France to be received by President de Gaulle

NEWS SUMMARY

UN for Aden-Yemeni border?
The county elections in Britain

INTERNATIONAL

The Yemen continued to occupy the attention of the Security Council in New York at the beginning of this week. Arab UN delegates were understood to be discussing the possibility of introducing a motion condemning Britain for the RAF bombing of the fort of Harib near the border with the British-protected South Arabia Federation. Britain declared the raid was a necessary reprisal to Yemeni attacks over the Federation's border and suggested the activities of the UN observers in Yemen should be extended to this area. In London there was considerable criticism of the authorities for having permitted the raid to be ordered. It was believed this had been done at the instigation of the Commonwealth Relations Office but that any decision should really have been taken by the Foreign Office.

With the arrival of Mr Edward Heath, President of the Board of Trade, to lead the British delegation to Untrad (the United Nations conference on trade and development) it was hoped some constructive measures might be adopted. Hitherto few practical suggestions had been forthcoming from the developed countries for assisting the underdeveloped.

GREAT BRITAIN

Augurs are busy this week peering at the County Council election results in England and Wales and seeking to establish the likely trends in a General Election. Most attention was being attracted by the Greater London Council polling (on Thursday) but prognostications were cautious because it was the first time members were being elected to the representative body for the newly created Greater London and the voting divisions are different from the Parliamentary constituencies. Outside London the marginal counties of Staffordshire, Lancashire and the West Riding of Yorkshire were being closely watched. It is generally believed the Prime Minister will decide the date of the General Election on the results of the county voting. If no statement is made before next Tuesday omens will be read in Mr Maudling's Budget. A short Budget could mean an early summer election. A normal-sized Budget will be presumed to preclude early summer because of the Parliamentary procedure involved, and an autumn date will be anticipated. A major political sensation was caused last week by the publication in *The Times* of three articles highly critical of current Conservative policy by "A Conservative." There was widespread speculation about his, or her, identity.

THE UNITED STATES

The dispute with Britain over shipping contracts arose last week when an order on contracts between shippers and shipowners using American ports made by the US Federal Maritime Commission came into effect. The order required the cancellation of existing contracts, dictated a new form of contract that will make it easier for American shipping to compete on freight rates, and faced shipowners who did not comply with a fine of £360 a day. British shipping companies were reportedly advised by their Ministry of Transport to ignore the order.

BELGIUM

Belgium's medical services were slowed down last week when 90 per cent. of their doctors joined a strike in protest against a proposed State Health Service. Under the new scheme there would be a fixed scale of fees for all medical attention and free treatment available for all patients.

Military doctors provided emergency services at a few hospitals in the main cities and further emergency centres were planned. The police were reported to be investigating all deaths attributed to lack of medical care. The Belgian law carries severe penalties for negligence or failure to attend the seriously ill, as well as suspension from medical practice.

MALTA

After nearly four days of heated debate, the Referendum Bill on Malta's Independence Constitution was passed in the Legislative Assembly last Saturday. It is expected that the referendum will be held early in May. The question to be put is "Do you approve of the constitution for independence proposed by the Government of Malta, endorsed by the Legislative Assembly and published in the Malta Government Gazette of April 4." The phrasing of the question has been criticised by Mr Dom Mintoff, leader of the Opposition and of the Labour Party.

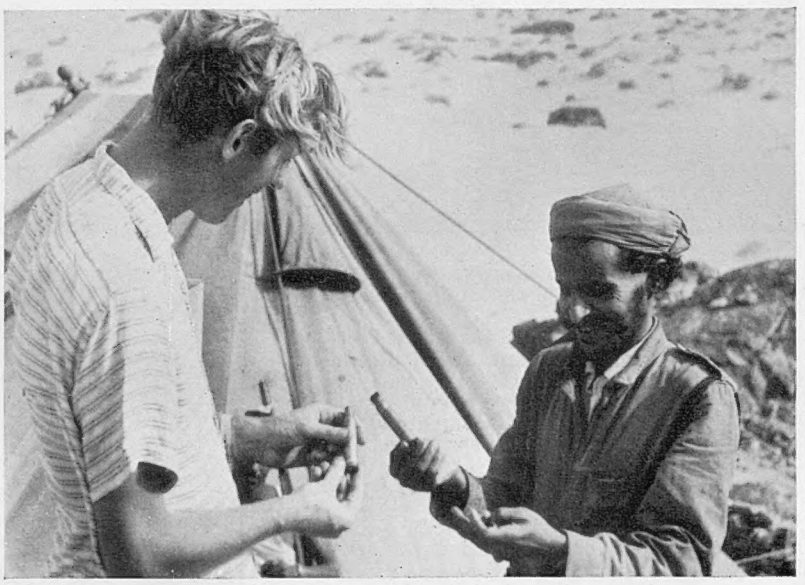
MALAYSIA

Tunku Abdul Rahman, the Prime Minister of Malaysia, in a weekend speech in Kuala Lumpur attacked President Sukarno of Indonesia for his "ruthless and iron rule." He also warned the President that any invasion of Malaysian territory would be defended to the last drop of blood. The Tunku is preparing for elections on April 25, and has declared that he will retire in 1969.

Also last weekend British forces were reported to be preparing for an extended effort to meet the Indonesian threat along a coast of 1,200 miles and an inland boundary of 970 miles. The temporary forces sent in answer to Malaysia's request for help last year are now being replaced by men flown out from Britain on a 12-month engagement.

BHUTAN

The Prime Minister of the Himalayan State of Bhutan, Mr Jigme Dorji, was shot last Sunday night through the window of the bungalow he was staying in at Phunstholing. He died before medical aid could be got to him. Mr Dorji, who visited London last year, was anti-Communist and pro-Indian. His assailant had not been traced by last Monday, but among the many thousands of Tibetan refugees in the country there were thought to be numbers of Chinese agents.



Above: Near the border, a South Arabian shows a British official bullet cases as evidence of Yemeni air attacks in this area to which the RAF retaliated

Left: Lord Attlee contributes to the collection box held by Lady Attlee, at a Labour Party rally in London before the first elections for the Greater London Council

UPHEAVALS IN AMERICA

42 Upheavals of different kinds occurred in various parts of America last week. In Brazil the generals and the majority of State governors directed a revolt against the government of President Goulart, who was reported to have fled the country. Under the constitution he was succeeded by Senhor Mazzili, the President of the Chamber of Deputies. Discontent among sailors seems to have started the revolt and some were surrounded by pro-Goulart troops in Rio. Both sides soon came to terms.

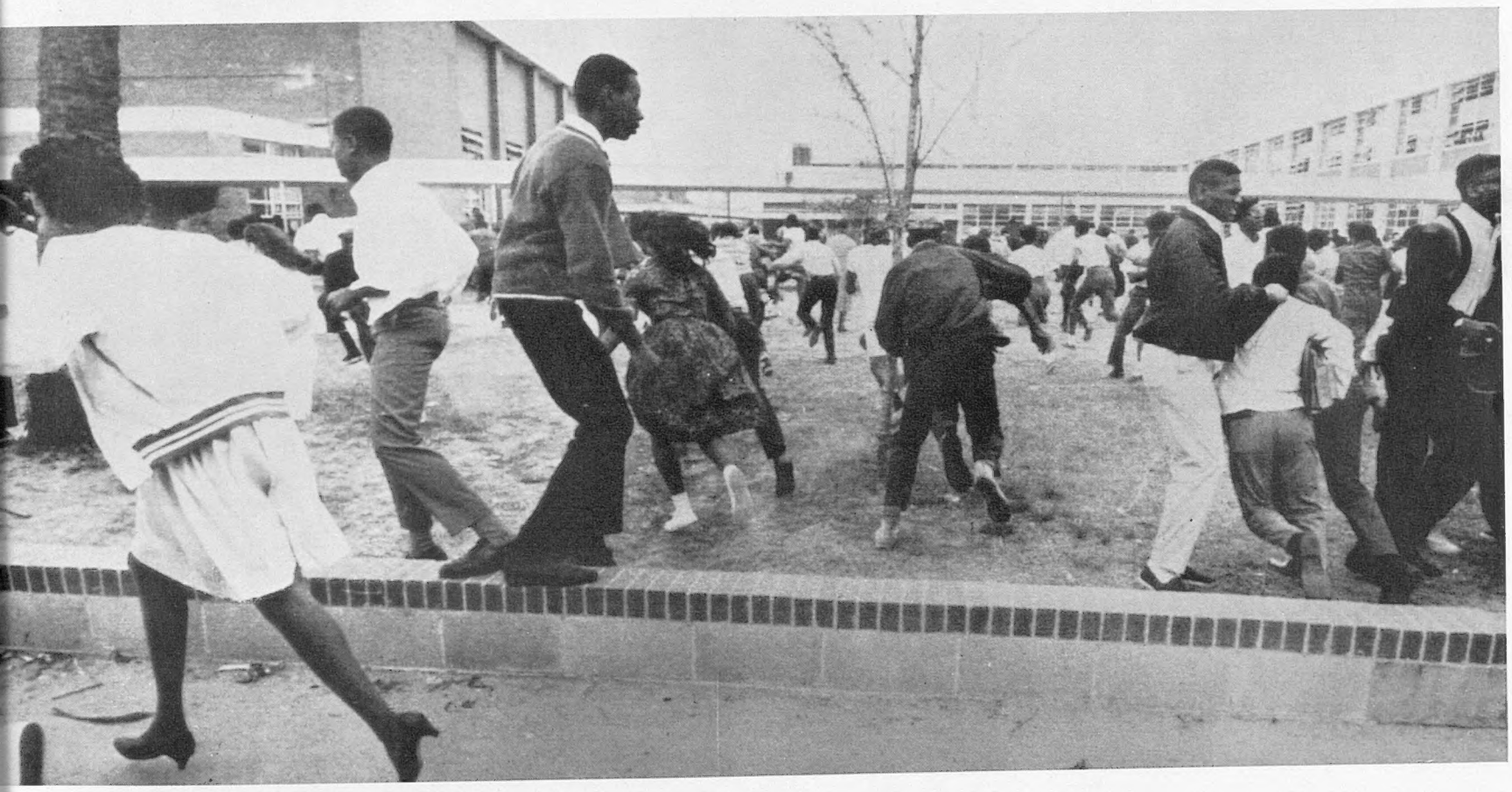
In the United States the colour question continued to be one of the major issues. In an anti-segregationist demonstration at Fort Augustine in Florida, Mrs Malcolm Peabody, the mother of the Governor of Massachussets, was arrested for refusing to leave a hotel during an attempt to desegregate it. In Washington negro leaders of such disparate types as Dr Martin Luther King, the moderate, and Malcolm X, the Black Nationalist, met to watch the Senate debate Civil Rights.

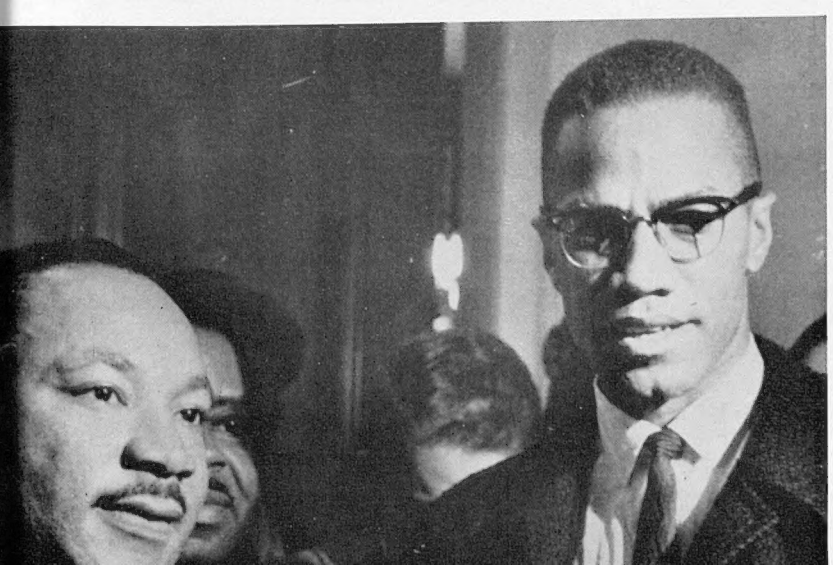
Away to the far north, Alaska was recovering from the appalling earthquake at Easter.

Above: Dr Joao Goulart who was deposed from the Presidency of Brazil in an almost bloodless coup in the course of last week
Top: Senhor Ranieri Mazzili assumed the Presidency according to the constitution. He was President of the Chamber of Deputies
Above right: Brazilian soldiers in front of a building in Rio in which they beseiged insurgent sailors. This was one of the incidents which sparked off the revolt

Left: The wreckage of a house is inspected in Anchorage, Alaska, after one of the most severe earthquakes ever recorded in history

Above: Vessels and debris have been hurled inland by the tidal wave following the earthquake and lie on the mud in Kodiak





Above: Students scatter at New Stanton High School in Jacksonville. Stones were being thrown during an anti-racial demonstration

Far left: Mrs Malcolm Peabody (centre), mother of the Governor of Massachusetts, hears the law read in St Augustine, Florida

Left: Dr Martin Luther King (left) and Malcolm X, the Black Nationalist leader, are together in Washington to hear the debate on the Civil Rights Bill in the Senate

REVOLUTION OR GOULASH?

44 "Political power," wrote Mao Tse-tung, "grows from the barrel of a gun." It was unkind and unjust of the Chinese to accuse Mr Khrushchev of neglecting this Marxist-Leninist truth just when the Soviet leader was visiting Mr Kadar, whose power had indeed grown from the guns of the Red Army in 1956. But the Chinese argue that Mr Khrushchev would not have suppressed the Hungarian rising if it had not been for their insistence. They argue, on the basis of the Soviet view that a peaceful transition to Communism is in some circumstances possible, that Mr Khrushchev has abandoned the whole principle of Leninism, namely that revolution can only be brought about by violence. Consequently they accuse Khrushchev of being the greatest capitulationist of all time, the arch-revisionist and call on Soviet Communists to consign him to "the dust heap of history." This denunciation, on the eve of the Soviet leader's visit to Hungary, was the climax of a series of eight articles which have poured from the Pekin presses throughout the winter. Few people can have read the quarter of a million words of turgid ideological argument and still fewer can have formed from them any impression of what the Sino-Soviet dispute is really about.

One reads that Khrushchev is a Trotskyist, that the essence of Trotskyism is the repudiation of revolution, that the Soviet capitulationists and the American Imperialists have made common cause in suppressing the people's liberation movement in the Congo, that "the capitalist forces in Soviet society have become a deluge sweeping over all fields of life in the USSR." How is one to make anything of such nonsense? The essence of the Chinese case seems to be its complete flight from reality. But we are not much helped in understanding the dispute by the Soviet counter-arguments which often seem to have little to do with the realities of the situation either. Both are couched in ideological terms which have become largely irrelevant to modern realities.

This is one of the aggravating factors in the Sino-Soviet dispute. The two giants cannot even talk to each other about the real causes of their quarrel; they largely use the same words in totally contradictory meanings.

It was predictable that two great Powers, with widely differing and often antagonistic civilisations, with a 2,000-mile frontier with wide areas in dispute, at totally different levels of economic development would have their quarrels. But these quarrels would have been negotiable, if both had not professed an ideology according to which there is only one scientifically correct line of policy in any circumstances. There have indeed been important differences of opinion between the Soviet and Chinese Communists on and off throughout the past generation. But as long as Stalin held absolute power and was the undisputed master of the Communist world these disputes could be suppressed or kept within bounds.

However, when Khrushchev succeeded Stalin it was for Mao Tse-tung as if a dwarf had stepped into the shoes of a giant. Was not he, Mao, the senior revolutionary of the Communist world, leading the most numerous

Mr Khrushchev on a visit to a stud farm in Hungary

Communist nation? How dare Khrushchev, without consulting him, go off to the United States in 1959 and give an entirely new meaning to the old Communist trick of "peaceful co-existence"? It is necessary to be clear here. It is probable that if Moscow had followed a policy of violent confrontation with America, Pekin would have come out as the champion of moderation and accommodation. Chinese policy has not in practice been more violent or aggressive than that of the Soviet Union—if only for lack of the power and the opportunity. But it was the Soviet Union which had to confront the realities of power in the nuclear age on a worldwide scale. This sobering contact with the terrifying situation in which a single false step could annihilate all that the Soviet Union had achieved in 40 bitter years dictated Khrushchev's new approach to the problems of war and peace, and to relations with the Western Powers. And this left only one course open to Mao, if he was to contest Khrushchev's leadership, a total flight from reality. Pekin's isolation from the rest of the world and ignorance of it helped in the process, as did the sense of frustration of the leaders of a great nation in a condition of extreme poverty and weakness.

A revolutionary turned responsible can always be outflanked to the left and this is the classic manoeuvre which Mao is now attempting against Khrushchev. What can he hope to achieve? His aim is the leadership of the world Communist movement. But his line of revolutionary violence can only repel Communists in the more settled and prosperous societies. It may, however, appeal to Communists in poverty-stricken areas where weak and disorderly societies offer a determined conspiratorial group a chance of seizing power.

Khrushchev clearly had to answer Pekin's challenge which was a direct call for his overthrow. For a long time he had sought to avoid an open and public break, because it would split the Communist movement still more, driving some of the Asian Communist parties irrevocably into the arms of the Chinese and dividing other Communist parties in Latin-America and elsewhere. But to do nothing would have been an abdication of leadership resulting in an erosion of the Soviet position both in the Communist parties and in the Communist front organisations.

Typical of this process was the unseemly wrangle in the Afro-Asian solidarity conference in Algiers in which the Chinese delegate accused the Soviet Union of being no better than Imperialists and Great Power Chauvinists; the Russians replied by accusing the Chinese of lies and slanders. The Afro-Asians, most of whom were not in the least interested in Marxist-Leninist dogmatic feuds, were naturally enough inclined to say, "A plague on both your houses." The fact of the matter is that the professed aims of Pekin and Moscow with regard to the national liberation movements and the ex-colonial countries are identical, and the fact that they quarrel so bitterly about them can only mean that they are seeking to exploit the newly independent countries and anti-colonialism for their own purposes. This bitter dispute in Algiers repeated itself in the meeting of the Communist front organisation of lawyers in Budapest, at the time of Khrushchev's arrival there; and it will continue to repeat itself in all international Communist and Communist-influenced gatherings until the Chinese party is expelled from the world Communist movement. The Soviet call for a world Communist conference aims at this; but can it succeed?

Khrushchev, as he reviewed the Liberation Anniversary march past in Budapest's Heroes' Square from the plinth where once the statue of Stalin stood, must have envied his great predecessor his domination of the monolithic Communist movement. But the Hungarian people dragged down Stalin's statue in 1956 and neither Mr Khrushchev nor Mao Tse-tung can put the statue together again, nor the monolithic Communist bloc which Stalin created and dominated. The Sino-Soviet dispute demonstrates to all the bankruptcy of an ideology which could be imposed only by force. Khrushchev's only long-term answer to the Chinese challenge is to give the people what they want—peace, prosperity and even a measure of freedom. It is not surprising that the struggle should have come to a new climax with Khrushchev in Hungary. For that country which has known the extremes of Communist oppression is now advancing most rapidly on the path which Pekin calls revisionism. And—paradoxically—Pekin's challenge is likely to speed up the process.

Maurice Latey

Mr Peter Thorneycroft, Britain's Minister of Defence, contemplates a globe in his office in his Ministry in Whitehall, London. At the end of last month the three service Ministries were merged into the new defence organisation

DEFENCE OVERLORD

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

13-15 John Adam Street, London, WC2

46 **National Team Spirit**

I would like to think that this year's National winner (No. 13) was both a good augury and a killer of superstition. But I don't. The affluent society has made money its God and that, combined with the dreary nature of so much of the work of men's hands today, has largely killed any "team spirit." I could understand men whose work is boring striking for shorter hours if they had any notion of how to use leisure sensibly. I cannot sympathise with the craftsman into whose home perhaps £30 a week comes regularly, striking in breach of agreement for higher pay. If it were not that money has become both God and status symbol, £5,000 to £7,000 a year should be enough for a Minister of the Crown or a High Court Judge to do his job in the national interest and to remain free from financial worry, and at the same time to set an example in restraint and patriotism to all grades of workers; and, for that matter, for the head of a nationalised industry, also. But in the absence of any team spirit, all, from top to bottom, must be bribed to serve their country. Even a promoted Minister must have an addition to his status symbol. The "team spirit" is a phrase derived from sport. It used to be inculcated at school. But even in the nation's favourite sport, professional football, it wears rather thin, when talent is auctioned, bought and sold in the market, without even residential considerations—No, I perceive no good augury from this year's "National" result. The chase after money for less work is up, and the more of it acquired, the less value it possesses. The affluent society pursues the Golden Calf which for ever eludes it.

National incomes

The latest published statistics on national incomes and tax incidence are as colourful, misleading and envy-making as ever. Twenty-two million of us paid income tax of some kind. Seven million of us earned between £800 and £1,500 a year. A quarter million of us paid surtax (i.e. had incomes of over £4,000). Ninety-two of us had incomes of over £100,000 a year and together "enjoyed" £16 million a year. They lost just about half in taxation. Nine thousand of us "enjoyed" incomes down to £15,000 a year from that high figure. Of these the lowest (£15,000 a year) paid away in taxation £10,000 if the income was unearned. An income of £50,000 a year at best may leave the plutocrat £8,800 a year to spend. It all sounds very affluent to me, but no doubt our curious system of giving with one hand and taking away with the other makes the Midas groups less enviable than at first sight. The 7 million of us who subsist on £800 to £1,500 a year can still keep the wolf from the door, if not from the garden gate. There remain the unstrident residue, the aged and decayed and the infirm of purpose . . . sometimes a political gesture is made to shoo *their* wolves away. But the affluent society is almost wholly preoccupied with its *own* financial worries. Like Oliver Twist, it asks for more and, being clamant, gets it.

The *Yellow Box* traffic experiment at the junction of Orchard Street and North Audley Street with Oxford Street in London. Traffic cannot enter the criss-crossed area until it is clear *and* the lights are showing green

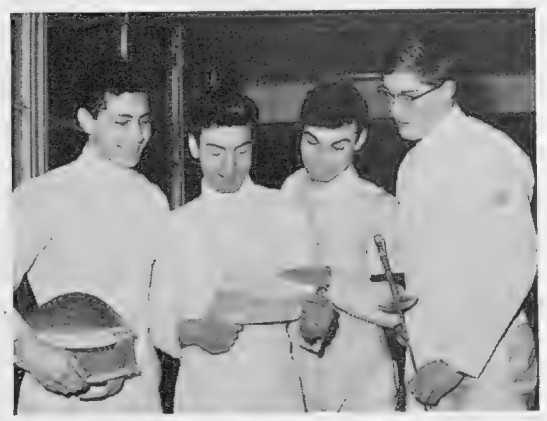
Wen and where

Most of my life I have watched the "development" of the South Coast, and it has not been edifying. The South-East is a magnet—why I know not. In recent years it has had its share of this island's nastiest weather. I live now in the New Forest and concentrate on the possibilities of new cities nearest to it: A London-by-the-sea called Portshampton and another called Poolemouth. All great cities immediately spawn suburbs and seek open spaces for weekend recreation. The suburbs for these new cities are already in existence and full up: for three miles from the coastline to the Forest boundary a "Surbiton" already exists, much of it covering once very productive farm and fruit-growing land, and hundreds more villas are going up and planned. The new cities will obliterate what remains of the productive land. As for open spaces for recreation, the "sacred" New Forest is even now being slashed for trunk roads, the Forest railways are to be abolished, and any fine weekend in summer the open spaces in the Forest resemble Hampstead Heath on a Bank Holiday. As for "Green Belts," the term is already more profane than sacred. What will the Forest be like 20 years hence, and where will the disappointed overflow find standing room at weekends, when they have saturated Beaulieu Heath and Exbury, the South Downs country to Cocking, and Studland to Wareham? In the Isle of Wight, I suppose, with an improved ferry service. In the North-West of England you can drive scores of miles and see wide, empty spaces, dotted here and there with a lonely white farmhouse. But the South-East magnet is all powerful. The great wen is to grow and grow, painting the green all red—what a target for a big bomb! The zeal of the planners will no doubt bring this about. Only the Black Death or a nuclear war can stop it, for the invaders enjoy "standing room only" in the sea, on the beach and in the forest; and only the local inhabitants detest it and the litter the invaders leave behind.

Public Trustee

The defence of the Public Trustee by the Lord Chancellor is, I fear, impregnable. I know it to be so, perhaps because I was an original member of the department and was concerned as a barrister to ensure that the investment-clause provisions were observed. In the

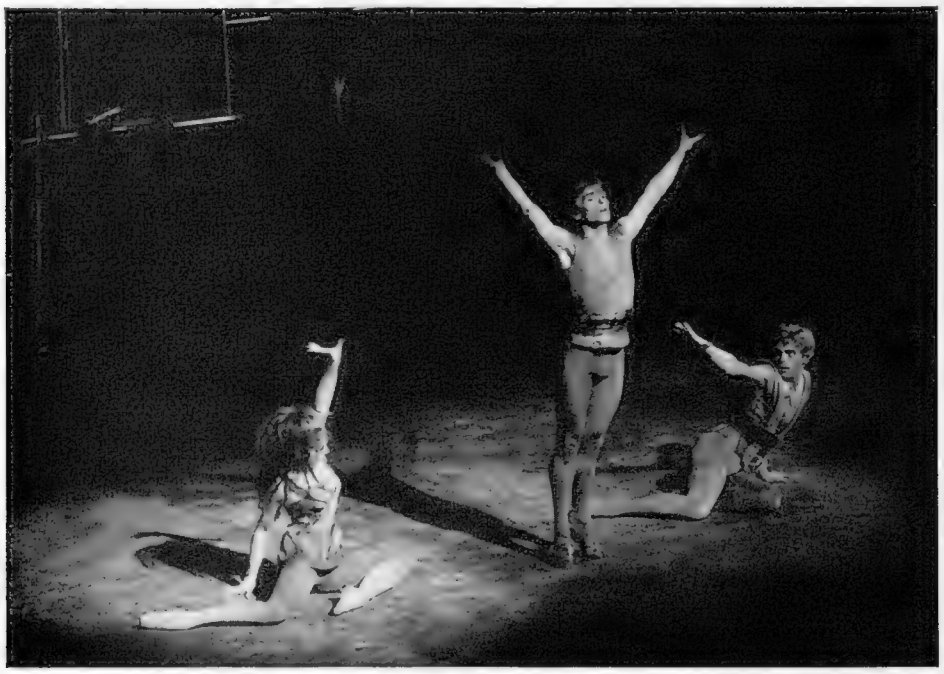
Above: At a reception at the Mexican Embassy in London for the members of the Ballet Folklorico of Mexico, currently at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, are from left: Senor Armendariz, the Mexican Ambassador; Senora Lopez Mateos, wife of the President of Mexico; Senora Armendariz and Senor N. Aramburu, the Peruvian Ambassador in London
Left: At Portsmouth, *Victory* is enmeshed in scaffolding for her first major re-rig since 1947
Below: Four entrants for the Public Schools' Fencing Championships in London. From left: E. Ben-Nathan (St. Paul's), A. Buckley (City of London), I. Jones (Dulwich) and Barnaby Smith (Merchant Taylors')



absence of such a clause, in those days only trustee securities were allowed. No one, not even the Government brokers, could foresee before the wars what a *damnosa hereditas* those trustee securities (and for that matter S. American Railway prior-charges) would prove. Only of late years has the range of Trustee Securities been widened, and the Public Trustee has taken pretty full advantage of equity investments, which last year exceeded gilt-edged holdings in his portfolios—£100 million of them. People forget that a trustee has a double duty—to give the life beneficiaries a decent income and to conserve the capital for those who come after. But oh! how natural is the grievance of those unable or unwilling to grow rich by inflation! Not long ago I gave an example of a £10,000 inheritance, invested before 1940 in quite high yielding debentures and preference stocks. The portfolio included one single equity, £250 in the deferred stock of a sound Investment Trust. That little equity is today worth over £4,000. All the rest of the investments in that £10,000 portfolio stand at an average discount of 35 per cent., and the capital value of the portfolio is £10,000! If that old portfolio had been largely made up of equities I suppose it would today be worth on paper more than £40,000. The fault, poor Brutus, lies in your stars, not in your rule-bound trustee. *The Old Stager*

Sir Alec and Lady Douglas-Home are among the onlookers in gay mood watching the departure of their newly wed daughter Meriel and her husband, Adrian Darby, from The Hirsel in Coldstream, Berwickshire The marriage had taken place in the church of St. Mary and All Souls. Mr Darby is a don at Keble, Oxford.

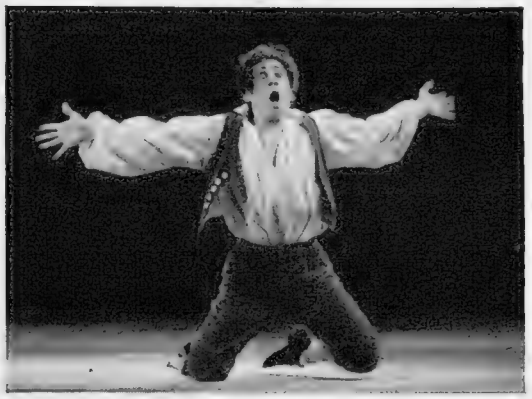
In *Hamlet* are on the left Derek Rencher, Monica Mason (standing) and Rudolf Nureyev. In right foreground are Lynn Seymour and Lesley Edwards. The



Above: Seymour, Nureyev and Christopher Gable in *Images of Love* and **right:** Another scene

HOMAGE TO SHAKESPEARE

Photographs by Anthony Crickmay



Alexander Grant in Frederick Ashton's *The Dream*

A triple bill of Shakespearian ballets was brought into the repertoire at the Royal Opera House last week as part of the programmes to mark the poet's quatercentenary. Two of the ballets had their first performances. *The Dream* is Frederick Ashton's first ballet on a Shakespearian theme. The score is Mendelssohn's Incidental Music to a Midsummer Night's Dream. Kenneth MacMillan's *Images of Love* has a specially commissioned score by the English composer Peter Tranchell. This is one of the ballets in which Nureyev is appearing. The other is a revival of Robert Helpmann's *Hamlet*, in which he dances the title part. This pyschological dance drama was created in 1943.

rt of the triple Shakespeare bill at Covent Garden

Antoinette Sibley dances in the part of Titania in *The Dream* which had its first performance last week

The items in " The Voice of the Commonwealth " are contributed and do not necessarily reflect the views of the Editor of " The Sphere "

THE VOICE OF THE COMMONWEALTH

50 **JAMAICA**

A fusion of cultures

The first major exhibition of Jamaican paintings, sculpture, arts and crafts ever to be sent abroad completes its ten day showing in London at the Ceylon Tea Centre late this week (April 10). It is a representative collection selected to show the development of a national consciousness and the evolution of a Jamaican art style.

Since its discovery by Christopher Columbus in 1494, Jamaica has been influenced by the culture of Europe, Africa, China and India, and in the paintings and sculpture chosen for the exhibition can be seen a fusion of these diverse influences.

" The Face of Jamaica" exhibition aims to demonstrate the ability of the Jamaican artist not only to capture the fascinating themes abounding in the island, but also to interpret the depth of feeling present behind the natural gaiety of life in Jamaica.

The show, which takes its name from a large mural representing the fusion of races and cultures in Jamaica, will be staged in Nottingham from April 18 to May 10.

Right: One of the items in the exhibition of Jamaican art in the show in London, a painting in oils by Gaston Tabois entitled *Road Repair*

Below: A detail of *Pocomania Meeting* by Anna Hendricks. Pocomania is a form of frenzied religious dancing

Bottom: *Portrait of a Girl* by Albert Huie, who has several paintings in the exhibition

Bottom centre: *Horse of the Morning* in wood carved by Edna Manley, wife of the former Prime Minister of Jamaica

Bottom right: *Harvest* by Henry Palmer. Cutting sugar cane with a hatchet is a typical West Indian activity

AEROFILMS PHOTOGRAPH

Above: The Aeroquay at the International Airport in Toronto, Canada, was opened recently. It is a building of nine levels. A park and garage for 2,400 cars enable passengers to drive to within a short distance of aircraft. Provision has been made for the erection of three other aeroquays on the 4,000 acre site when the demand warrants. The new airport buildings will be able to cope with the supersonic air transports of the next decade, now on the drawing boards. A 9,000 ft. runway has been laid out. Toronto has one of the biggest airports in the American continent

Left: At the Mansion House in the City of London the Lord Mayor, Alderman C. J. Harman, is with a party of boys from University School, Victoria, on a visit to Britain. Standing with the Lord Mayor in the centre is Mr John Timmins, Headmaster of the school

THE VOICE OF THE COMMONWEALTH *continued from page 51*

Right: Hong Kong's top model, Mai Ling Chan, shows an Australian-designed bikini in a fashion show being held in the Eagle's Nest on top of the Hong Kong Hilton Hotel. Mai Ling Chan is a native of Singapore

Far right: In London, Directors of the Laporte Industries Group of Chemical Companies meet the Western Australian Minister for Industrial Development, the Hon. Charles Court (second from left). Shaking his hand is the Group's Chairman, Mr P. D. O'Brien. On the left is Mr William Woodhall and on the right is Lord Hill of Luton; both are Directors of Laporte Industries, which is operating a £3½ million titanium oxide plant at Bunbury which is in Western Australia

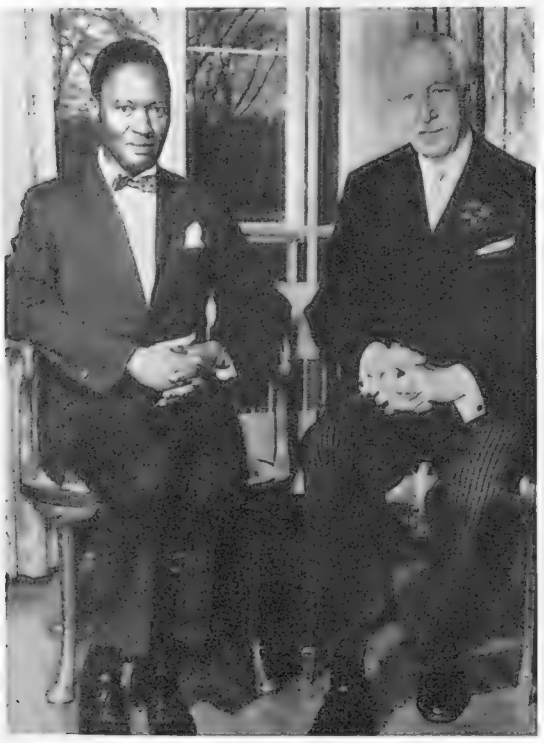
UGANDA

Teachers in Australia

Twenty Uganda women teachers and two tutors left for Australia recently to undertake a year's advanced academic training in primary teaching techniques. This is the second large group of Uganda women teachers to be sent abroad for special training, the first group being at present in England.

The idea of such courses is to enable primary teachers to receive further training in primary teaching techniques, with special attention to infant methods. On their return, these teachers will have acquired greater experience and greater background knowledge of their profession.

It is hoped that similar courses may be arranged elsewhere in the Commonwealth, and negotiations are already proceeding between the Ministry of Education and the Canadian Government to send a group of teachers to Canada.



Above: Nearly complete, the Gladsville Bridge in Sydney Harbour, Australia. It will be the longest single span bridge in the world
Left: The Uganda Commonwealth Representative to the UN, Mr Apollo Kironde, with the Governor General, Georges Vanier, at Government House in Ottawa
Right: In Ndola, N. Rhodesia, Mrs Sheila Bernard wears a dress made of fabric from Manchester, featuring the country's new name and Prime Minister

BOOK REVIEW

Faces of India. A Travel Narrative by George Woodcock: Faber and Faber. 30s. This is a work for the general reader. During the winter of 1961-62, the author and his wife made an extensive Indian tour, paid for by the Canada Council. They travelled from Bombay in the west, via New Delhi, to Dharamsala in the north, and then on to Calcutta in the east. They flew down the coastline of the Bay of Bengal, arriving at Madras in the south. The account of their tour ends on the pier at Dhanushkodi, where the steamer lay that was to take them on to Ceylon. Daily Mr Woodcock wrote a record of all they saw and it is the meticulous detail and leisured observation of his diary that most characterises the style of his book. The pages are illustrated with photographs taken by his wife, Ingeborg.

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

UNUSUAL IN THE BLACK COUNTRY

AEROFILMS PHOTOGRAPH

Dudley Castle ringed by trees is on the outskirts of the Worcestershire industrial town in the Black Country

If there is a county with stranger, more irregular, boundaries than Worcestershire, I do not know it. True, Flintshire, the smallest of the Welsh counties, has two portions wholly detached from the main body of the county; one, east of the River Dee and centred on Overton, is about 11 miles long by six wide; the other, five miles north of Wrexham, is no more than 650 acres in extent. True, Lancashire has that detached bit on the far side of Morecambe Bay, which includes Barrow-in-Furness, but not, despite the fact that the two are joined by a short bridge, Walney Island. But, except for these oddities, the boundaries of Flintshire and Lancashire are straightforward enough. The boundaries of Worcestershire, even though there has in recent years been a little tidying up here and there, remain inexplicable.

Worcestershire sends out long thin arms far beyond its natural boundaries and other counties long thin arms into what, in a well-ordered country, would be Worcestershire proper. A long thin tongue of Worcestershire extends deep into Herefordshire. Broadway surely should be in Gloucestershire, not Worcestershire? But, to compensate, there is that odd little bubble of land with Tewkesbury at its neck which should surely be Worcestershire and is, in fact, Gloucestershire. And in the north of the county all sorts of strange things, boundary-wise, happen. Yardley, Northfield, King's Norton, all properly Worcestershire parishes, have been absorbed by Birmingham. But Oldbury, so definitely part of the Birmingham conurbation, remains Worcestershire, as indeed does part of Smethwick. Oddest of all is Dudley, a Black Country town, completely surrounded by Staffordshire, completely detached from Worcestershire, but still a Worcestershire town.

Presumably there must be a reason—one would expect an historical reason—for this. The late F. T. S. Houghton considered that the strange irregularity of the county boundary is ecclesiastical: that in the days, before the Norman Conquest, when the shire boundaries were being laid down, certain monasteries were sufficiently wealthy and politically powerful to insist that outlying properties belonging to them should be included within the county in which they were situated. A good case can be made out on these lines for some parishes which appear to be in the wrong county—Broadway would be one and the Twynings in the Tewkesbury lozenge another—but if this were really the reason one would expect to find it cropping up here and there all over the country; and it does not. In any case it cannot possibly explain the adherence of Dudley, a Staffordshire town in character as in everything else, to Worcestershire, a county to which it does not appear to have been joined physically at any time in its long history.

Unusual in this respect, Dudley is unusual in many others. Black Country towns are not noted for their beauty. On the contrary, some of them provide notable examples of the very worst in industrial housing; narrow streets lined with dingy, blackened, brick-boxes, cramped between factories, huddled beneath the tall chimneys. No one could call Dudley beautiful, but it is, at its centre at least, a handsome town. Its situation, 700 ft. above sea level and high above the Midland plain, lifts it above the murk that shrouds so many of its neighbours. Though this is a great industrial centre, you are not in Dudley immediately aware (as you must be in Oldbury, for example) of the factories and the chimneys all around. But this is not entirely a matter of situation. Most of the Black Country towns were born because accommodation had to be provided in a hurry for a large imported labour force, were industrial from the start, grew because industry grew, have no history but industry. That was not the case with Dudley. Dudley is an ancient market town, was for centuries the centre for a prosperous rural area—many of the local place names perpetuate that history—and for centuries was also the seat of a noble, powerful and cultured family. The stamp of this ancient history remains. The wide square, the main street (many of the streets indeed) have an airiness and a dignity that is wholly foreign to the Black Country.

Dudley grew from market town to great industrial centre because the earth around yields all the materials necessary for industrial wealth: ironstone, limestone, clay, coal. Men have delved for these riches so deep and for so long that the land around Dudley is as full of holes as a rabbit warren. But the people of Dudley have made a virtue of the holes, at least so far as the limestone is concerned. It is the limestone, and the local genius, that lifts Dudley out of the ordinary, sets it apart from all the other great industrial towns of the midlands. The Wren's Nest Hill, torn and riven by limestone quarrying (the pits are the home of many foxes) is now a national nature reserve. I have been assured, by the way, that it is possible to find within two and a half miles of Dudley market place no fewer than 275 varieties of wild flowers; which is something you certainly would not expect of "black" country. And the impressive ruins of the great castle on its wooded limestone hill hard by the station look down upon one of the most fascinating zoological gardens in Britain. Sea lions swim in the concrete-lined moat, flamingoes strut beneath the blackened walls, the limestone quarries and caves house tigers and lions and bears; no zoo could have a finer setting.

And from the top of the castle ruins, climbing a narrow, worn, twisting, staircase to a small parapet, you look out over the Black Country, over miles and miles of Black Country; one of the most extensive and, surely, one of the most impressive views in all England. Standing there, you look down on the murk and the smoke, now grey, now white, now pink, now blue, now black, lit by the sun. Standing there on the ruined castle, symbol of vanished power, you look down on the castles of modern might, the great cooling towers of the power stations. Seen thus, the dark satanic mills are breathtakingly beautiful.

GABOR DENES

YACHTS IN THE CARIBBEAN SUN

The breeze is steady and reliable, the sun is shining, the weather and the water are warm. In the Caribbean, especially between the islands to the south of Antigua as far as Grenada, the unfailing trade wind is invariably on the beam, whatever the course taken between the islands. This means conditions as near the ideal for the cruising yachtsman as can be found anywhere in the world. Furthermore, the distances between the islands are so modest that virtually no night sailing is needed. It is possible to find an anchorage in delightful surroundings every night and visit different islands, each with its own individual character, during a cruise. The sailing is varied for the water is calm in the lee of each island, while between them the sailing is brisk when the full force of the trade wind is felt.

Not everyone has the time or determination for a crossing of the Atlantic to get there, so this paradisial cruising ground is not exactly on the doorstep of the British yachtsman. Even if he cannot enjoy its pleasures in his own craft, however, there is no reason why he should not do so in a chartered vessel. During the last 15 years or so the number of yachts available for charter in these waters has increased in keeping with the demand, as more and more people discover the attractions of the area.

Today, English Harbour in Antigua, with Nelson's Dockyard, where once the ships of the line sheltered and were refitted, is the busiest yachting centre in the islands. This is in the main due to one man and his family, who have discovered this beautiful and safe haven after it had lain neglected and forgotten with decay having taken the place of the active glorious years of its past. For the famous dockyard, the whole of English Harbour in fact, was inhabited only by ghosts when Cdr. Nicholson, his wife and two sons with their cat and most valued possessions on board the old, 70-ton schooner *Mollihawk*, sailed in from England. They arrived on New Year's Day of 1949, after stops at Lisbon, Gibraltar, Tangier and the Canaries. They had left Britain after the father and two sons had been demobilised from war service with the intention of sailing to Australia, there to start a new life, but they never got any farther than English Harbour, Antigua. They were captivated by the natural beauty of the place, its absolute safety as a shelter, and by the remains of the old dockyard, derelict and forgotten with its ruins and abandoned equipment, and with lizards and mice the only inhabitants.

The first charter cruise

While there, ostensibly resting and fitting out their yacht for the rest of the voyage, via Panama to Australia, they met some of the rich Americans who were then engaged in building their fabulous holiday houses on the Mill Reef Club Estate on the other side of the island. They were persuaded by one of them to accept a charter for a cruise round the other islands. Inter-island plane *continued on page 56*

Right: English Harbour in the island of Antigua with *Harbinger* on the right, one of the many yachts available for charter in the Caribbean

Below: Sailing out from English Harbour, the auxiliary ketch, *Ring Anderson*, named after her Danish builder

Left: Yachts alongside Nelson's Dockyard at English Harbour, where ships of the line were once sheltered and refitted. This is one of the busiest yachting centres in the Caribbean. V. E. B. Nicholson and Sons have their headquarters in St. John's, Antigua

Above: Charter yachts moored off an Antigua quayside. On the left is *Boekanier*, an auxiliary schooner designed by J. G. Alden, which is operated by Mr and Mrs Scott-Hughes. The *Boekanier* has comfortable accommodation for six people, and large saloon

YACHTS IN THE CARIBBEAN SUN *continued from page 55*

services were then a thing of the future, there were few or no hotels on the islands, and this was the only way of exploring them. Mrs Nicholson moved ashore with the cat. With his two sons acting as crew, and joined by a cook, the Commander took *Mollihawk* for her first charter cruise. This was such a success that other Mill Reef people wanted to be taken too, and thus the charter business was born. Soon they acquired another, large yacht to be skippered by one of the sons. The other took *Mollihawk* on cruises while Commander Nicholson himself moved ashore to deal with the correspondence of the charter business which was beginning to flourish.

Now, 15 years later, much of the dockyard has been restored to its former glory through the efforts of its friends, and it is once more a busy, live place. The charter fleet alone numbers over 40 vessels. These use it as a base and, attracted by the facilities now available, many other cruising yachts visit there. The Nicholsons don't themselves own or sail any of the charter boats any more; even the faithful *Mollihawk* was sold. They organise the charters as agents, provide harbour facilities, and also run a travel agency in St. John's, the capital of Antigua. Many British yachtsmen have crossed the ocean to join the Nicholsons' fleet and pay for their own yachting and living expenses in such an ideal spot with the charter fees earned.

Very high standards of comfort

Because most of the chartering clients are Americans, very high standards in comforts are insisted on as well as in all the equipment for sailing and, of course, in seaworthiness and seagoing capabilities. Over 40 yachts of various sizes are now on the Nicholsons' books which are all maintained and run to specified requirements laid down by the Commander. Private cabins, baths or showers, often fitted carpets throughout, meals cooked and served by trained cooks and stewards are as much part of the requirements as sound sails and reliable motors. The yachts are skippered by their owners, whose wives are usually with them acting as hostesses. Each yacht must have ship-to-shore radio by which the skippers keep in touch with the Nicholson transmitter in Antigua twice a day and charterers can maintain contact with their affairs. A three weeks cruise is recommended if the whole chain between Antigua and Grenada is to be visited, but the yachts can be chartered for shorter periods and joined at various points. The charter fees are not low, but they provide first-class sailing in high-standard craft. In addition the charterers pay for their food and drink and fuel at cost. The cost per day per head can work out as high as £20 or as low as £8 all included, according to the vessel chosen and the number of people on board.

The most popular months when the demand for the charter boats is greatest is in winter from Christmas to the end of April, probably because the majority of charterers come from the US, and also because they are the coolest months, when the trade winds are at their strongest and make the open sea passages just a little less comfortable. August and September are not recommended, but conditions are excellent during the remainder of the year, when there is perhaps a little less bite in the winds, but there is still enough, a good chance for light-weather canvas over calmer seas.

Above: The entrance to Indian River, one of the anchorages for charter yachts in Dominica
Top: The *Eleuthera* in the Dockyard at English Harbour, Antigua
Right: The *Mollihawk*, the Nicholsons' first charter yacht, photographed at anchor at Soufrière, St. Lucia

Let me finish by enumerating the islands in their geographical order from north to south: Antigua, Guadeloupe, Iles des Saintes, Dominica, Martinique, St. Lucia, St. Vincent, Bequia, Mustique (the Grenadines) and Grenada. Some are in the French Community. All sparkle in the sun with palm-fringed anchorages and colourful harbours.

Gabor Denes' weekly articles on yachting will start for this season next week.

IN INDIA'S PINK CITY

Camels pass the Hawai Mahal—Palace of the Winds—in Jaipur, the capital of Rajasthan. It is of pink sandstone like many other of the buildings there. For this reason Jaipur is known as "the Pink City." The Hawai Mahal is 18th century work. *(More about India overleaf)*

SERENITY AND TOLERANCE

BY SYLVIE NICKELS

58 After Cairo, there can be no doubt in which direction you are heading, for a slim Indian girl joins the BOAC cabin crew. Your *Filet de Boeuf Bourguignonne*, high over the Arabian desert, is attended by a brilliant flash of blue sari. At Kuwait, the Comet pauses in the warm midnight; a nightcap over the Persian Gulf and the pools of light click out one by one. At last a golden glare stirs you out of sleep and slowly you register your first sunrise over India. In a few minutes, 15 hours flying time by your unadjusted watch from London, you dip slowly down towards the airport at Delhi and the fascination of another world.

There are times, many times, when India overwhelms you. The sheer weight of history, of interwoven cultures, of spiritual and artistic richness and frequent material poverty, of humanity, of life in every form, becomes too much for minds trained to tidy, well-regulated lives. Silence is rare. Even the deserted palaces, even the temples at their emptiest, are ruled by the flap and coo of the pigeon population. Most of all the temples themselves threaten to overwhelm you and it is because they and all the diverse religious facets that they represent dominate the Indian scene, that I shall, for once, digress completely from the more usual facts of tourist life.

To visit a series of Hindu temples uninitiated must be rather like attending a series of plays whose theme you do not know, in a language you cannot understand. You may appreciate the quality of the production, the craftsmanship of the work, the beauty of the setting, but after the first has made its initial impact, those that follow become increasingly meaningless (" I mean one temple is much like another, isn't it? ") unless you have grasped a fraction of what the language of Hinduism is all about. And should you grasp that fraction, you are destined to become absorbed, marvelling, maddened and frustrated by the lack of time which dogs most travellers everywhere, but never more so than in India where there is so much to see and so much more to be understood.

In the Buddhist temples there is less problem. The serenity of the central figure is familiar, the monastic orders have their counterparts in Europe, and the church-like atmosphere of some of the rock temples of Ajanta and Ellora strike an immediate personal response. But the serenity of Hinduism lies buried deep. You will not find it in the clang of bells and beat of drums at the time of prayers, nor will you find it easily—though it is there—in the extravaganza of sculpture on the temple walls, pillars, ceilings, roof, in which the very core of Hinduism has been frozen into stone in forms so exquisite or voluptuous or awesome that there is every risk of not seeing the wood for the trees.

It is not enough to know that the trinity of gods—Brahma the Creator, Vishnu the Preserver, and Siva the Destroyer—are three aspects of one all-embracing god, nor that almost every Hindu temple is dedicated either to Vishnu or Siva (or their feminine consorts), their names changing according to where you are or in what circumstances they are portrayed. You must also understand that each

Pigeons fly over the Patharghati, a broad street passing through the arch of the Char Minar, in Hyderabad

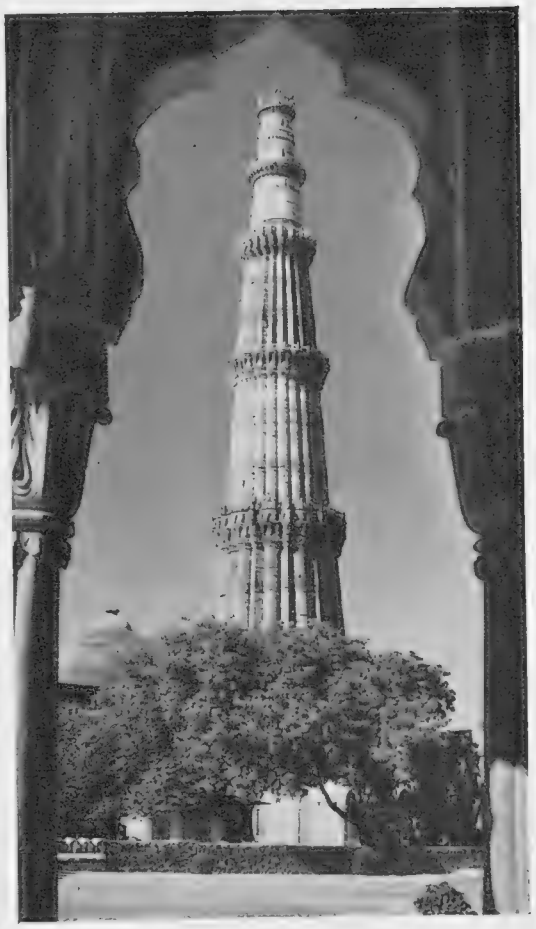
of these circumstances has its place in illustrating a basic philosophy that is reflected in every aspect of Hindu life, from the food that is eaten to the dying, but by no means dead, caste system and the tightly knit family community life.

An example may provide an infinitesimal clue. Vishnu, the Preserver, is represented in ten incarnations (the ninth being Buddha, the tenth still awaited). In his eighth incarnation he lived as Lord Krishna, the story of whose simple upbringing bears similarities to that of Christ, as do many events in the life of Buddha. One of the greatest and most revered of the Hindu epics, the Mahabharata, features the activities of Krishna in relation to the struggle between two related royal families: the five brothers of the Pandavas (or Pandus) who are being cheated of their hereditary rights by the 100 brothers of the Kauravas (or Kurus). In a final battle, Krishna acts as charioteer to Arjuna, one of the five brothers, who faces a terrible moment of truth as he realises he is about to fight and kill members of his own blood. It is in this moment of Arjuna's personal crisis that Krishna delivers the great teachings of the Bhagavad Gita whose philosophy is rooted in the individual's need to fulfil, at whatever cost, the *dharma* or duty to which he is born and over which he has no control.

The question of duty, pre-established by birth, has been and still largely is the governing factor throughout Hindu society. It accounts for many things, past and present: for the acceptance of the caste system—whose perfectly sound origins as an occupational division of society tend to be overlooked; for the still predominantly arranged marriages; for the submission to parental authority and to one's place in the family community regardless of personal aspirations.

The Mahabharata is an enormous epic of some 100,000 stanzas. Any simplification of it must seem a parody of a work whose events, Homeric in proportions, cover the whole range of human experience. These events, those of the Ramayana (Rama was an earlier incarnation of Vishnu) and others from Hindu mythology, are perpetuated in every Hindu temple, in all forms of India art and in behaviour at every stage of life.

It would be ridiculous to suggest that it needs a lifetime's preparation of study in order to enjoy India. The Taj Mahal needs no explanation, nor do the exquisite palaces wrought by the Hindu kings and Mogul emperors. The massive forts which crown so many hills and the deeds of valour associated with them speak through the imagination. There is visual excitement in every street scene as bullock carts, horse-drawn tongas, dogs, donkeys, goats, cyclists, cycle-rickshaws, children, adults



Above: The Qutb Minar, the Tower of Victory, in Delhi. At 238 ft. high this is the highest stone tower in India. It was completed in 1503
Left: The Temple of Lakshmi Narayan in New Delhi
Below: Pilgrims come down to bathe in the sacred River Ganges from the ghats or steps down to the water at Varanasi, formerly known as Benares

and, above all, the ubiquitous sacred cattle, all blindingly place their faith in the skill of the driver; in London or New York he would be the policeman's nightmare, in India he is the preserver of several lives a minute. There is dismay at the poverty, irritation at the inevitable self-appointed guides, amusement at the curiosity from which it is impossible to escape. There is admiration for the extraordinarily handsome people, the grace of the women, the beauty of the dresses. There is surprise at how much more India knows about the West than the West knows about India, and perhaps an envious appreciation of the tolerance which is one of India's great qualities. That said, there is so very much more under the surface of Indian life waiting to be understood if a genuine effort is made to see the country as something more than a series of exotic coloured slides and cacophonous sound effects.

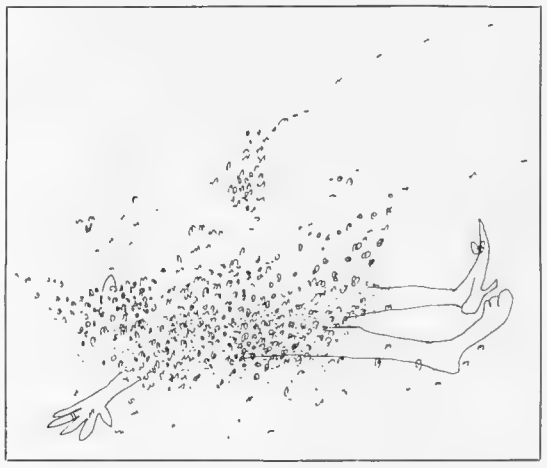
Next week the tourist facilities of India will be outlined together with a suggested three-week itinerary. No itinerary of short duration in India can be ideal. In a country which covers a sub-continent, it can only give a taste of many aspects and leave you somewhat dazedly to decide whether you have the compulsion to go again. It is on the basis of this itinerary that my own decision has been made.

A WRITER FOR THE SPRING

60 **Martha, Eric and George** by Margery Sharp: Collins. 16s. Whatever the weather, it is now spring and because of some magic of her own no novel is more suited to the vernal season than one by Miss Sharp. There is a lightness of touch and a gaiety about her work which goes well with sunshine and early flowers and an occasional edge to her observations which has something of the sharpness of an April wind. Her new book is again concerned with that splendidly intransigent character, Martha, whose 18-year-old experiences in France (as recounted in a previous book) produced a short affair, a small baby and the revelation that she was to be a painter of near-genius. Her final action was to leave the baby, decently outfitted and with a list of his diet requirements, with the young English bank clerk who was the father. As this book opens we see the baby enthusiastically adopted by its English grandmother and sheepishly tolerated by its father. Martha meanwhile goes from strength to artistic strength and only rediscovers her son at the age of ten when she claims him for herself. I have only one complaint about Miss Sharp's novels and that is that they don't last nearly long enough.

A Handful of Dust by Evelyn Waugh: Chapman and Hall. 21s, is a new edition of the 30-year-old novel which the author describes as having " found favour with the critics who often date my decline from it." He also explains that an American magazine wished to serialise it at the time and that he provided an alternative ending for them—a happier one—and this he has included as a curiosity. Reading the original story again is an agreeable if slightly poignant experience. It has not dated except in the most minor of details and, at this long interval, it has almost all the force of its first impact with its superb understatement, its tragedy and its matchless humour. I would recommend it even to those who have read it before and remember it well.

A Candle in the Sun by Marguerite Steen: Longmans. 18s, shows this versatile author, who has been playwright, essayist, biographer and writer of sagas, in the mood for a domestic drama. Her story is concerned with a young girl loved by both her parents who themselves have extra-marital relationships of some intensity. Her father, a novelist, has an American mistress; her mother is having an off-beat affair rather more difficult to understand. They have a fair mutual tolerance and are genuinely united in their affection for their child. Flavia herself has the thorny problem of reconciling her affection and her exasperation with both of them and of trying to create a separate little home life of her own. Miss Steen brings considerable charm to her narrative and this is a human and thoroughly likeable story.



This drawing by John Lennon is for " No Flies on Frank " in his book *In His Own Write* (Cape. 9s 6d). Through his illustrations and writing we see how much Carroll, Joyce and Thurber have affected the Age of the Beatles, of which famous quartet Mr Lennon is a member. His book too has charm and distinction and he certainly has his own write in literature

The Old Man and Me by Elaine Dundy: Gollancz. 18s, is a successor to *The Dud Avocado* of six years ago and is concerned with a young American girl who tells her own story and the Englishman with whom she explores love and London. Miss Dundy has a keenly satiric eye, as we know, for foibles and *faiblesses* and in this book she examines some of the aspects of life as it is lived here, including Soho drinking clubs, the Antique Dealers Fair, Chelsea and the mystique of country house weekends. She is occasionally brash, sometimes eyebrow-raising if not hair-raising and full of vitality. The only line which I found difficult to credit was when her heroine says that for a while the conversation floated 5 ft. above her. I wouldn't have supposed that there was such a conversation.

Molokai by O. A. Bushnell: Secker and Warburg. 30s, is a vast but consistently readable novel based on an actual historical incident and containing one historical figure. Eighty years ago the King of Hawaii sent for a young English doctor to try to isolate the virus which was causing the plague of leprosy to ravage the islands. The doctor asked and was granted permission to graft the skin of a leper onto an unaffected human being. The historical figure is Father Damien who, at this time, was living in the leper colony on the Island of Molokai. If this should seem to be a subject for repugnance or depression I would add that it is neither of these things but a story that has its own magnificence which is easily recognised for all the simplicity of its telling.

The Flesh Peddlers by Stephen Longstreet: Alvin Redman. 21s, may not be the prettiest of titles but it is in fact the current phrase in some circles for describing theatrical and film agents. Mr Longstreet, who has lived in Hollywood for many years, writes with the authority of his own experience. He has written some best-selling novels

FROM 1914 TO 1945

The Twelve Days by George Malcolm Thomson: Hutchinson. 25s.
Germany 1918-1945 by Richard Grunberger: Batsford. 21s.
The Craft of Intelligence by Allen Dulles: Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 30s.
English Churches by Basil Clarke and John Betjeman: Vista Books. 45s.

NEW PAPERBACKS
A Dictionary of Politics (5s net) and **A Dictionary of Building** (6s net): Penquin.
The English Voter by A. J. Allen: English Universities Press. 12s 6d.
What's Wrong With British Industry by Rex Malik: Penguin Special. 3s 6d.
Freedom and the Politicians by Anthony Lejeune: Michael Joseph. 6s.

How near Britain got to keeping out of the First World War is strongly manifested in George Malcolm Thomson's *The Twelve Days*, but even more manifest is the sense of excitement, exhilaration and adventure that seemed to pervade all the European capitals during that summer of glorious weather and fatal decision. The twelve days brought under close review are July 24 to August 4, 1914, the days when the crucial decisions were taken on the brink of a calamity whose proportions were unguessed at. The nations, which had gone to war as if it were a public holiday, says Mr Thomson, left the generals with a war they did not know how to fight, and the politicians with a peace they could not bring themselves to make. Here, built up by countless small touches, is a very real picture of those days when the sun shone in unclouded skies, but days also of deadly ferment, which were to be repeated again in 1939 when another generation was caught up in the same illusions.

If the events of " the twelve days " have receded into the mist of history, it can also be said that the events of Hitler's rule in Germany are not known in any detail by the younger generation, the under 25's. Richard Grunberger in *Germany 1918-1945* has sought to meet the need for a text book on the subject, one that can be used in schools and universities, providing the background knowledge of the period that laid the foundations of Hitler's new order and ended with it in ruins, a system, as the author says, that sought " to harness the resources of technical civilisation to the impulses of barbarism."

An organised intelligence service is a comparatively new thing in the United States, dating from the disastrous days of Pearl Harbour. At first the service followed the British model, but soon it outgrew all rivals, except the Soviet. Today, it has apparently not become a private empire nor does it interfere in policy. At any rate this is the view of Allen Dulles, chief of the CIA from 1953 to 1961, who in his surprisingly frank testament, *The Craft of Intelligence*, describes how recruits are gathered for such a service, what sort of agents are employed, what sort of double agents also, and how modern technology is brought into play. Some of Mr Dulles' revelations make even James Bond seem tame. On the problems of the Soviet super spies he is at his most revealing. The Russians, he says, cannot eliminate love and sex and greed from the scene any more than any other nation, and just as they use them as weapons to ensnare people so do they become ensnared by this power to disrupt carefully planned operations. One thing is quite certain, there is nothing dull about Mr Dulles. The incidental information he brings to bear on this work is always interesting and often surprising. For instance, the father of the British Intelligence Service was Daniel Defoe, but his successful operations were not known until many years after his death and he never had a word to say about espionage in his major novels. Finally, and this is a fascinating private judg-

but he has also long been associated with the writing and production of plays and movies. In this book his flesh peddlers deal in the world of " show biz " with what is commonly known as talent; in other words, actors, writers, designers and directors whose abilities they tout for work in television, radio, films and the rest. Some of this book makes slightly horrifying reading and it is by no means an ideal introduction to California or New York, but it has an authentic air and I pay it the additional compliment of having found it very readable.

Good Neighbour Sam by Jack Finney: Eyre and Spottiswoode. 12s 6d, is also set in California and is about a young couple who come up with a fairly original scheme for making money. Their neighbour is a beautiful divorcee who has been left $11 million provided she is married. All three of them decide that this is not an insuperable obstacle between them and the dough and it is proposed that the young man should, for the necessary few days, " stand in " for the new husband. Naturally there are all kinds of hectic complications but, by a hair's breadth, everything comes out all right in the end and in the meantime Mr Finney has had an outrageously funny time with his plot.

The Lenz Papers by Stefan Heym: Cassell. 30s, is an impressive historical novel set in the Germany of 1849 and concerned with one of the most dramatic periods in European history when a revolution gave hope to the common man in at least one part of Germany. Mr Heym has told his long and intricate story through the medium of the writings of a soldier and poet, Andreas Lenz, who follows the fortunes of the revolution from seed time to explosive flowering and on to decay. This is not a book to be undertaken lightly but to the conscientious reader it will prove a rewarding study of history seen in perspective.

Vernon Fane

ment, fishermen, skilled in the arts of luring and landing, make the best agents.

Basil Clarke and John Betjeman have collaborated in the happiest way in their illustrated volume *English Churches*. Here is a comprehensive pictorial survey covering the whole range of church architecture from Saxon times to 1962. The illustrations are skilfully chosen, and the accompanying captions, for the most part the work of Mr Betjeman, bring out salient points in design and history.

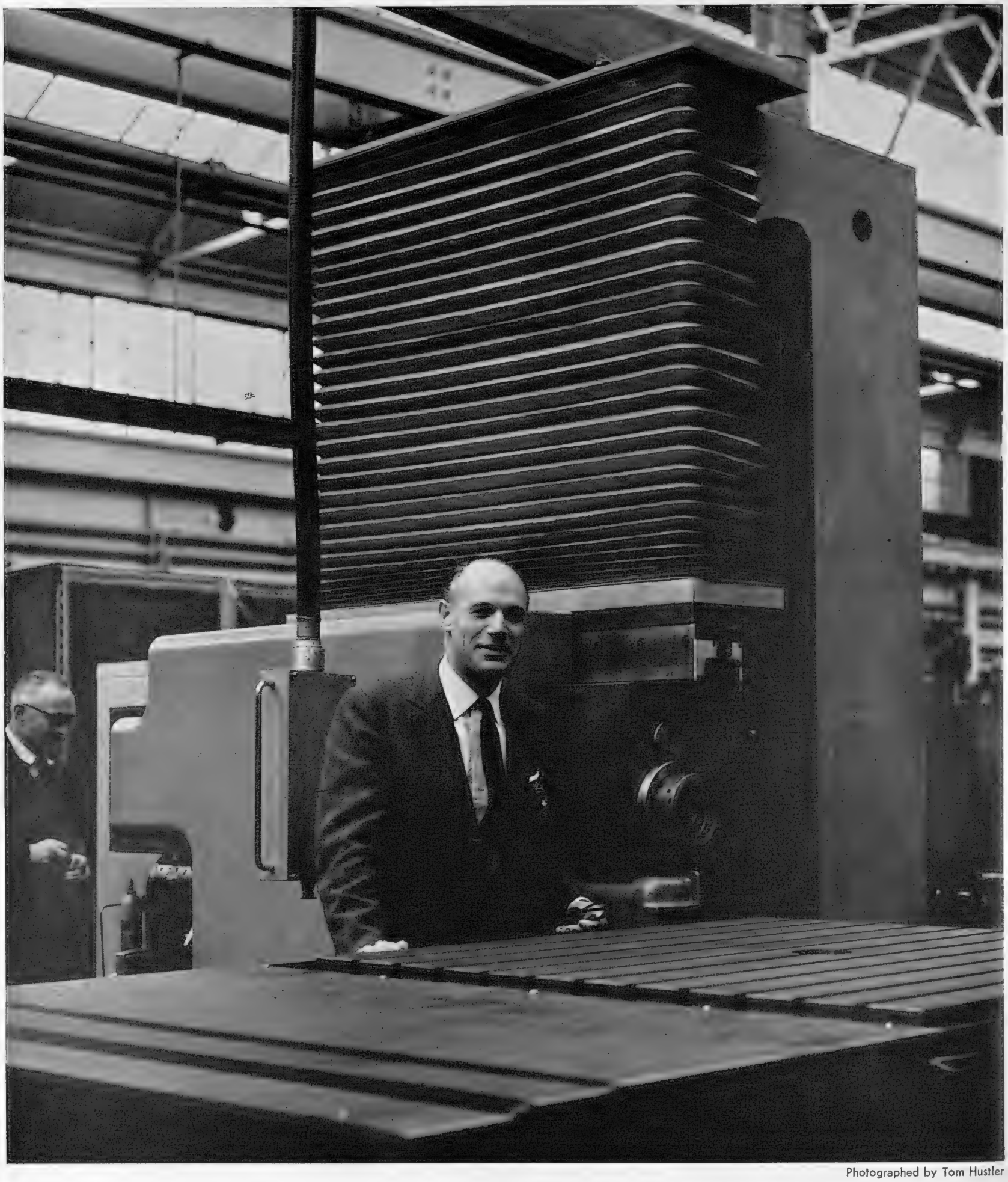
Two Penguin Reference Books appear among the new paperbacks. One of them is by John S. Scott and entitled *A Dictionary of Building*. It has its own special usefulness, while *A Dictionary of Politics*, by Florence Elliott and Michael Summerskill, has been brought bang up-to-date for election year. A. J. Allen's *The English Voter* is equally sure of a big following between now and October; or is it June? Rex Malik's *What's Wrong with British Industry* also has a political connotation, largely Wilsonian perhaps, for there are those who say that nothing very much ails British industry. *Freedom and the Politicians* is in that excellent new series of Right Angle Books and considers the differences between Conservative and Socialist meanings of personal freedom.

Richard Edmonds

JOHN MASSY-STEWART

IN TURKISH MOOD

ELIZABETH HARWOOD takes the part of Konstance in the new production of *The Seraglio* at Sadler's Wells Theatre which was to open there last week. Among others in the cast are John Wakefield, Stanley Bevan, Harold Blackburn and the Australian Jenifer Eddy. Colin Davis conducts. Mozart composed *The Abduction from the Seraglio* when he was 26 and engaged to the girl whom he married three weeks after the opera was first produced in Vienna in 1782. His happy mood is reflected in *The Seraglio*, which is much more of a *Singspiel* than an opera. The story and music are Turkish in character, for things Turkish were very much *à la mode* in Vienna at the time. The opera is to be performed next at Sadler's Wells on April 15. This month, in the current season at The Wells, the other operas are Offenbach's *La Belle Helene*, Wagner's *The Flying Dutchman*, Bizet's *Carmen* and Verdi's *La Traviata*, and the first performance of Burt's *Volpone*, by the Sadler's Wells Opera in the original New Opera Company production.



Photographed by Tom Hustler

LEADERS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY: **AUBREY JONES, P.C., M.P.**

Mr Aubrey Jones is Chairman of Staveley Industries Ltd. In this picture he is seen with the first prototype of a new range of computer-controlled, multi-purpose machine tools on which his company's research and development teams are working in collaboration with the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research. Mr Jones was born in 1911 and educated at Cyfarthfa Castle Secondary School, Merthyr Tydfil, and the London School of Economics. From 1937 to 1939 he was on the foreign and editorial staff of *The Times*. During World War II he served on the Intelligence Staff of the War Office, the 8th Army and the 15th Army Group. He returned to *The Times* in 1947. In 1949 he joined the British Iron and Steel Federation as Personal Assistant to Sir Andrew Duncan. He became Economic Director in 1954 and General Director in 1955. Mr Jones entered Parliament in 1950 as Conservative Member for the Hall Green Division of Birmingham, and has represented the constituency ever since. He soon attained office, moving straight from the back benches to become Minister of Fuel and Power in 1955. He later became Minister of Supply—an office which he held until October, 1959. In addition to his Chairmanship of Staveley Industries Ltd., Mr Jones is also a director of GKN Steel Co. Ltd., and economic adviser to the GKN Group of Companies. He also has a reputation as a writer on politico-industrial subjects. His chief recreations are ski-ing and reading. Married, he has two sons

POWER IN THE GARDEN

by The Sphere Industrial Correspondent

Out of Britain's 16 million households, about 13 million are estimated to have gardens; and somewhat to the chagrin of ambitious town planners, this high proportion seems likely to persist. In recent discussion of growth plans for the south-east of England, enthusiasts have been pointing out that for efficient use of space as well as for efficiency in construction it would be much more convenient if the British were only prepared to live in high blocks of flats. But the answer, from more practical developers, has been that the obstinate wish of the Englishman to live in a small house on a small, separate patch of land comes out as strongly as ever in the market surveys. Rising standards of living do not rise precisely in the patterns that might be most convenient for the production of extra hardware.

But as to hardware, it has to be noted that the peculiar and persistent tastes of the British householder have their own convenience for manufacturers ready to accept them, not to argue about what we ought to want. Residential areas cut up into fragments of living space may make our indoor existence more expensive in terms of scarce resources; although it is by no means proved, in British circumstances, that flats are cheaper to build than houses of the same size, you can ultimately build to higher densities, saving site area at least. But our fragmented habits of living certainly multiply the number of separate gardens involved; and this multiplication substantially enlarges the market for things to do in gardens and equipment to do them with.

Before the war the only equipment most British gardens contained, apart from a range of spades, forks and trowels, was a lawn mower; and practically all of them were hand mowers. Today, the "saturation" of this particular market has proceeded apace; probably 60 per cent. of British gardens possess some kind of lawn mower. And the nature of the equipment has changed too; about one mower in five of those sold nowadays is a power mower. Sales of power mowers are rising while those of hand mowers remain static; although the great bulk of the several million "mower population" are still hand mowers, the powered proportion is steadily growing.

Change in this market has been a faithful reflection of growing affluence and of competition for leisure time. Within the hand mower market there has been a steady shift from the simpler and less effective side-wheel lawn mower to the heavier roller-mower type; partly because home gardeners have been prepared to spend more on their hobby, and partly because within a static market competition has encouraged manufacturers to make the more elaborate mowers cheaper. In the production of hand mowers, the Qualcast group is the unchallenged market leader with a complete range from cheap mowers upwards; the other best-known names, such as Ransomes, Sims and Jefferies, H. C. Webb of Birmingham, and J.P. Engineering of Leicester, are on a much smaller scale, and their energies would appear to be concentrated mainly at the more expensive end of the market for this particular gardening equipment.

Most of these familiar names have moved, along with public taste, into the power mower market. Here their marketing approaches again vary: Qualcast, powerfully placed with this kind of equipment too, concentrates almost entirely upon the domestic market with light and inexpensive models, while some other makers such as Ransomes moved down into the domestic market from the production of power mowers for sports grounds, and still make some of the larger machines beyond the purse of the individual householder. Charles H. Pugh of Birmingham, maker of the Atco range, was the pioneer of power mowers for domestic gardens; Webb makes several models, with a particular specialism in the electric (now the battery) mower; J.P., once again, are among those selling in the top end of the market. *continued on page 64*

The Tarpen 12-volt Vergemaster works fast and cuts clean in trimming lawn edges. It can be powered by plugging into the battery terminals of a mower

POWER IN THE GARDEN *continued from page 63*

Technically, power mowers are of two types: motor driven versions of the conventional cylinder mower, and rotary grass cutters. The second type, mechanically highly efficient, accounts for the majority of sales in the United States; here, for only about a quarter of all sales of power mowers. The difference seems to be that in Britain proud gardeners insist on a more closely barbered finish to our lawns; moreover, we are used to collecting the grass cuttings. A rotary mower does not ordinarily give as close a finish as a cylinder cutter; and though it is possible for the cuttings to be collected in a box, many rotary models distribute the grass they cut over the lawn as a layer of fine cuttings. They are best suited, therefore, for pretty large expanses of lawn, and for keeping long grass down rather than producing billiard-table lawns.

In power, petrol-driven machines are far more popular than electric; many householders are uneasy about having trailing flex connected with a fast-cutting machine and damp grass, and the battery models are fairly heavy and need recharging. Four-stroke engines, which start more easily and do not need petroil mixtures, have largely supplanted the two-stroke with which power mowers began.

Overlapping the mower market, with attachments that sometimes compete directly with it, comes the power cultivator of one kind and another. Here again the progression has been from market gardening, parks, and the like down into the domestic market, and most of the sales to private gardens have been in the past five to ten years. Technically, the scaling down has involved new styles; whereas market garden cultivators generally have the "tines" that dig the soil mounted behind a power unit and pulled by it, most of those sold for the domestic garden are "front line cultivators," with the tines mounted on a cylinder in front of the motor and indeed providing the tractive power that pulls the machine along. These are lighter and more easily manoeuvrable (turning a cultivator with implements drawn behind it needs more space than many domestic gardens offer); also it is the implement to suit the home gardener.

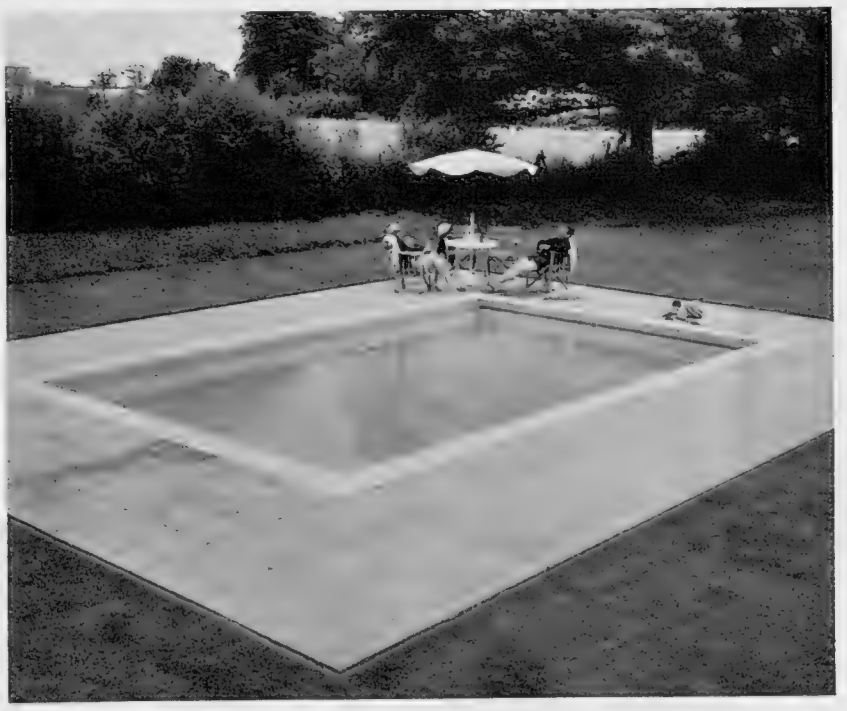
A power cultivator saves hard work as well as time; it can, moreover, often be used as a "power pack" from which a number of other attachments and implements can be driven. Some ranges include lawn mower fittings, sprayers, hedge cutters, chain and pruning saws, hoe tillers, and rotary verge cutters (handling one of the most pernickety jobs in tending the lawn). This equipment is made by a largely separate group of manufacturers, among which Landmaster of Hucknall (part of the Firth Cleveland group), Wolseley Engineering who make the Merrytiller, and Shay Ltd. of Basingstoke (who also make rotary grass cutters). Certain of the makers of indoor power tools offer gardening attachments, but mainly for the lighter outdoor equipment. A hedge cutter utilising a power driller is a very practical proposition; running a grass cutter off one is not so convenient.

These elements of powered gardening consist of mobile equipment; quite a lot of power, however, goes into the static equipment of a garden, around the greenhouse. Indeed, this is the area in which the most elaborately controlled equipment is in use, because it has to remain operating, or be switched automatically on and off, for long periods, instead of our weekend bursts of activity. Thermostatic heating, controlled ventilation, spraying or "misting" with water, electric "propagators" for seedlings, and most recently even electric sterilisers for the soil—all these systems are making the modern greenhouse or hothouse a much more complicated affair than the simple glasshouses with slow-burning paraffin heaters that one used to know. A recent report suggested that there are now about a million and a half greenhouses in British domestic gardens. For all this "power gardening," the market is still expanding rapidly. Other forms of leisure activity certainly compete with the back garden; but they seem to reduce the time that the household has to spend on it rather than actually distract attention or enjoyment from the results. That is the ideal market for mechanisation; and equipment manufacturers are certainly seizing their opportunities.

Above: The Atco Rotary Grass Cutter can be adjusted to deal with grass of varying heights **Right:** The 24-inch Webb Ride-On Motor Mower in action, powered by a Villiers 150 c.c. four-stroke engine

Left : Gardening with a Midgi Culto manufactured by Auto Culto International Ltd. It can also be used to cut grass
Bottom left: Hedge trimming with the 12-volt Tarpen-trimmer

Above: Spraying a privet hedge with "Hedge Setter," a product of Fisons Horticulture Ltd. which inhibits growth for three months or more. The spray is intended to save continual clipping



Above: A family relaxes by a swimming pool they built themselves, using concrete blocks
Top : This private swimming pool at Kingston-on-Thames is filtered with a Gilliam Diafilter

HARDWARE TRADES FAIR

This year, the 10th International Hardware Trades Fair in London, at Olympia from April 27 to May 1, will be the largest of its kind yet to be staged. Occupying all four floors of the Empire Hall will be over 400 exhibitors from both home and overseas showing a vast array of goods to meet the requirements of the building and allied industries, of agriculture, of craftsmanship, of the handyman and, not least, the housewife. The exhibits include central heating equipment; radiators; glassware and pottery; vitreous enamel and stainless steel sinks; furniture for the garden and indoors; farmers' spraying equipment; the latest developments in industrial and household electrical appliances; garden equipment; heaters; stoves and pressure lamps; the latest designs in kitchenware; plasticware; cutlery; tools, both hand and electric; ladders; ironing boards and irons; adhesives; rubber goods; brushes and brooms; picnic-ware; scales; sanitary and cleansing products; vacuum flasks; kitchen cabinets, chairs and tables; wire; locks and hinges; screws, nails, nuts and bolts.

In the International Section will be the stands of the Canadian Government, the Italian Institute for Foreign Trade, the Danish Government Committee for Exhibitions Abroad, the Irish Hardware Industries, as well as numerous exhibitors from Germany, France, Austria, Belgium and Sweden. Goods from America, Australia, Switzerland, Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, Norway, Denmark, Poland, Hungary, Yugoslavia, Hong Kong, Pakistan, Japan, Spain, the Chinese People's Republic and the USSR will be shown through UK agents. Taking part in the Tool Section on the second floor will be 12 members of an Association of French Tool Manufacturers.

The Fair owes its inception to Mrs Eileen Harborne, the Chairman and Managing Director of Universal Exhibitions Limited. In 1954 she came to the conclusion that manufacturers and buyers must have specialised fairs, despite the existence of the British Industries Fair, and decided the hardware industry should be her first venture. The first Hardware Trades Fair was staged in the New Horticultural Hall in February, 1955.

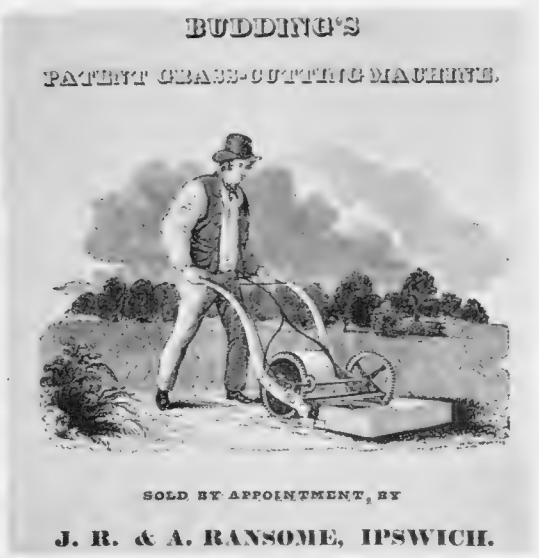
It was not perhaps an outstanding success, but Mrs Harborne's Council formed from prominent members of the trade—manufacturers, wholesalers and retailers—backed her to the hilt when she booked both Horticultural Halls for the following February. The 1956 Fair proved successful and from that year it has gone from strength to strength. Soon more space was required and in 1959 the Fair moved to Olympia. No fewer than 273 exhibitors participated, the National Hardware Alliance, the Hardware Manufacturers' Association, the National Federation of Ironmongers and the National Institute of Hardware being all represented.

In 1960 the International Fair left no doubt that this was to be henceforth an important date in the hardware buyer's diary. Since then, the Fair has continued to become increasingly comprehensive and international.

Right: Mr and Mrs Harborne, the organisers of the International Hardware Trades Fair, welcome a visitor to the reception for overseas visitors in 1962

Above: At the 9th Fair held in 1963, Lord Kilmarnock (left), then President of the London Chamber of Commerce, talked with the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of Birmingham (centre) and the Master Cutler, Mr S. M. de Bartolome
Below: Mr Harry Wheatcroft, the rose grower, on the Wilkinson Sword stand at the 9th Fair in 1963

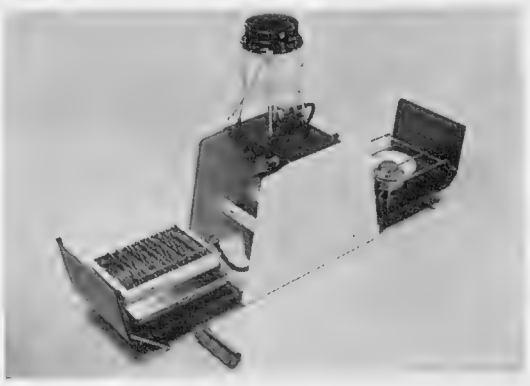
Above: Mr and Mrs Reginald Maudling examined a mower exhibited by Qualcast, Ltd., at the 7th Fair in 1961
Below: On the Spear and Jackson stand in the 1962 Fair were Mr George Woodcock, General Secretary of the Trades Union Congress (centre), Sir Robert Shone, Director General of the National Economic Development Council, and Mr G. R. A. Wilson (right)



Above: Part of an advertisement for one of the first lawn mowers to be made. The mower, now 132 years old, will be exhibited at this year's Hardware Trades Fair at Olympia. It was made, under licence, by J. R. and A. Ransome (now Ransomes, Sims and Jeffries, Ltd.) of Ipswich. Before 1830, all lawns had to be cut by scythe. The idea of a machine for cutting grass appears to have come first to a Mr Edward Budding of Stroud, Gloucestershire. As an engineer at a textile factory, he was in charge of machinery for cutting the nap off cloth and took out the first patent for a grass-cutting machine in this country

Left: A demonstration of the Ransome's Marquis motor mower which will be displayed at this year's Fair

Below: Plastic stacking chairs made in Denmark and supplied in this country by Desco, Ltd.



Above: A Tilley Tourer for frying or toasting bread
Left: The overseas visitors' reception area at the ninth International Hardware Trades Fair in 1963

Above: The Caribbean picnic set, one of the many household goods to be shown at this year's Fair. The items all pack into the printed satchel on the left

HARDWARE TRADES FAIR *continued from page 66*

Above: One of the many new products to be exhibited in this year's fair at Olympia, a motor mower from Hayters Sales Ltd.
Above, right: The Havana de Luxe reclining chair with head-cushion, made by Baldwin Tubular Furniture Ltd.
Right: Convertible airbed or chair made by P. B. Cow (Li-Lo) Ltd., Slough—one of the softest exhibits in the fair
Far right: Grinding the handle of a stainless steel kitchen tool that will be displayed on the Wostenholm stand at the fair

INDUSTRY AND THE STOCK MARKET

BOOM IN GREETINGS *by The Sphere City Correspondent*

The Easter cards have been swept away into the dustbin (after contributing to sales estimated at 60 per cent. up, even on last year's record egg-and-bunny season) and the mantelpieces of Britain are bare and ready for the summer wave of greetings: Happy Birthday to My Father-in-Law, My Budgie to Your Budgie, Get Well Soon, and Many Returns of Happy Nothings Day.

The greetings card industry, having wrenched itself away from total reliance on robins and holly, with an occasional lift from Valentines, and the perennial "Now You are Four" type of occasion, has proved itself adept and ingenious in devising new excuses for scribbling good wishes on a bit of decorated pasteboard. And although every Yuletide brings its crop of advertisers in *The Times*' personal column, announcing to the world that they are cutting out Christmas cards this year, the fact is that the trade is growing by leaps and bounds—a steady 7 per cent. annual increase since 1958. This year, between us, we shall surely be popping several hundred million of these long, thin, sentimental, plain, jewel-encrusted, humorous, religious, mawkish, with-it, or even musical effusions into Mr Bevins' waiting pillar-boxes.

Undoubtedly the galvanising spirit in all this has been a plump, intense character called David Kaye, who went to America, saw the possibilities, and came back to launch the most successful idiot card of all time—a ten inch picture of a dachshund, bearing the message "Short on Words, Long on Sentiment"—which at the last count had sold well over 6 million copies.

Kaye was the originator of the specialist "Gift Card Shop"—there are now 180 of them in the country, opening at four or five a week—which has been one of the most potent devices for developing sales. This works on the same principle as a launderette or a Wimpy bar—the would-be owner approaches Kaye and his experts, with £4,000 capital, but not necessarily any previous experience, and they proceed to advise on site selection, shop layout, stock control, promotion methods, and all the rest of the pitfalls. In any reasonable district they reckon a shop like this—with perhaps candles, small gifts, wrapping paper (another Kaye side-line) or knitting wool on the side—can do up to £400 worth of business a week. And the deal, which includes an agreement that Kaye will provide the lion's share of the cards, ensures a continuing return to the man who thought up the idea.

Kaye floated his company, Kaye-Gibson, on the Stock Exchange last November, with a profit forecast of £145,000 before tax for the year just ended (despite a fairly disastrous fire, which wiped out much of the stock in his newly built warehouse). The shares, after rising to 15s 3d at one time, have fallen back to around the successful tender price of 14s, at which level they yield a twice-covered 3·6 per cent. This looks quite attractive for the most aggressive unit in the business.

It is by no means the biggest unit, however, and there are at least two other public companies, W. N. Sharpe of Bradford, and Wilson Brothers, who are just moving away from their traditional, but rather cramped quarters in the City, and have a substantially larger slice of total sales.

Both have benefited from the affluent-society upsurge triggered off by Kaye, and by the large-scale invasion of the English market by Hallmark, the biggest American company in the field. This did not do Hallmark much good—they are believed to have lost quite a lot of money—but it all helped make the British, always unwilling letter-writers, more conscious of the virtues of cards.

Sharpe's have paid an increased dividend every year since 1956 (from profits that have just over doubled during the period) but at their present price, around 46s 3d, they yield a very slender 2·7 per cent. At the moment, too, they are clouded by a proposal to make a scrip issue in "A" non-voting shares, which would allow the board and their friends to realise cash without slackening control, and would almost certainly depress the price in future.

Wilson's, on the other hand, who sell half their output to Woolworths, and do a flourishing export trade—even to the United States—look a good deal more reasonable, at 9s, to yield a nearly twice-covered 3·5 per cent. The fact that their directors are thinking in terms of a convertible issue to raise more capital suggests that they, at any rate, are fairly cheerful about future growth prospects.

There are traps, however. John Waddington, the games and packaging firm in Leeds, bought Valentine and Sons, a very old-established card business in Dundee, last summer. But the results, as just reported, were "particularly disappointing" and contributed heavily to Waddington's own profit-slump. At Waddington's, "Get Well Soon" is less a hope than a command.

"From My Stockbroker to Your Stockbroker"

	Price	Yield* %	Times covered*
Kaye-Gibson	14s 0d	3·6	2·0
W. N. Sharpe	46s 3d	2·7	3·4
Wilson Bros.	9s 0d	3·5	1·8

*All on directors' forecasts.

Auf Wiedersehen in Germany

YEAR OF FESTIVALS

This year Germany offers a wide choice of outstanding Operatic, theatrical, musical and folkloristic festivals, a short selection of which are mentioned here:

BERLIN FESTIVAL WEEKS

14th September to 4th October
Opera and Ballet by the 'Deutsche Oper', the New York City Ballet, the Hamburg State Opera and the Royal Opera Copenhagen. Symphony concerts. Art Exhibitions. Festival of Hit Songs.

BAYREUTH RICHARD WAGNER OPERA SEASON

18th July to 21st August
Staged by Wieland and Wolfgang Wagner with conductors Karl Boehm, Rudolf Kempe, Hans Knappertsbusch, Carlo Maria Giulini and Robert Heger.

HANNOVER-HERRENHAUSEN MUSIC AND THEATRE

30th May to 5th September
Plays by William Shakespeare and works by George Frederick Handel will be presented at Chateau Herrenhausen. Other highlights are the 18th Century Ballet with 200 dancers, in the famous baroque Gardens from 6th to 14th July. Orchestral and choral concerts as well as extensive illuminations complete the programme.

KOBLENZ OPERETTA FESTIVAL

4th July to 13th September
This year's festival at Koblenz has performances on a floating stage on the Rhine of Lehar's operetta 'The Merry Widow', daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Operatic, theatrical and musical performances will also be staged in the 'Blumenhof' and daily concerts given on the Rhine promenade.

MUNICH FESTIVAL WEEKS

17th July to 16th August
Performances in the National Theatre of works by Wagner, Mozart, Strauss, Handel and Egk; in the Cuvillies Theatre by Gluck, Stravinsky and Strauss.

LUDWIGSBURG CHATEAU FESTIVAL PLAYS

13th June to 27th September
The Stuttgart Chamber Music orchestra, the Festival Strings Lucerne, Juilliard String Quartet USA, Camerate Academica Salzburg. Plays by the Vienna Burgtheater. Lieder recitals by Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau. There will be two performances of Mozart's 'Entfuehrung aus dem Serail'.

Besides the above many other interesting festivals will be held in Germany.

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MIDLANDS MATTERS *by The Sphere Midlands Correspondent*

The retirement from politics of Sir Gerald Nabarro, for 14 years the Member for Kidderminster, will remove from the House of Commons one of its most ebullient and zestful characters. He was a penetrating thorn in the side of the Establishment, for which he has little respect, and his searching questions on a host of subjects—he is perhaps best remembered for his exposures of the more lunatic absurdities of the purchase tax anomalies—made him both feared and respected.

His flamboyant moustache seems an expression of his public character, though his private one is much quieter. He has done many things that have attracted publicity's spotlight and in private he has done many more that went unnoticed except by the people in and around Kidderminster, who have good cause to remember his generosity and ready help. As one of the Midlands' outstanding characters he will be much missed here no less than at Westminster, though it is to be hoped that the heart condition that led him to announce his retirement will not prevent him from serving the community in other ways—and certainly he will always be welcome in Kidderminster whenever he chooses to sally forth from his Cotswold home at the delightful village of Broadway.

Mr Wyatt's paper group

One of the other better-known Midland backbenchers from the other side of the House, Mr Woodrow Wyatt, will be seen in an unfamiliar role at an unusual conference on June 10, when he is one of the speakers at a national conference for private secretaries to be held at the Production Engineering Research Association's headquarters at Melton Mowbray. Mr Wyatt, whose elegant exterior covers a shrewd business brain (he has had a notable *succès d'estime* with the weekly newspaper group he has built up from his Banbury base and which now covers Birmingham, Coventry, Swindon and much of Wiltshire, as well as printing, by web-offset, a growing number of publications), is well qualified to speak on methods of improving the efficiency of any business organisation.

In the space of a few years he has expanded a small weekly paper into what must be among the fastest-growing printing groups in the country—and anyone who works for him will confirm that the enterprise owes a very great deal to his personal drive and initiative. Since the object of the conference at Melton Mowbray is to enable secretaries to help their bosses to function more efficiently, he will be well in place. PERA claims, incidentally, that if the senior executive in industry dealt with everyone trying to reach him by telephone or in person he would be obliged to interrupt his work once every eight to 12 minutes.

The efficient secretary by controlling the flow of traffic to her chief and sifting callers as they come can make a significant contribution to production by leaving him free to concentrate on constructive thought and long-term planning. Not the least interesting of the contributions at the conference, incidentally, should be that from Miss Jessie Gourlay, who is distinguished as the current "Miss Secretary of Great Britain."

Melton Mowbray pies

Melton Mowbray, of course, is famous for things other than production engineering research (PERA's own headquarters are built around a former hunting lodge much used in earlier days by the Royal family), and I particularly like the story of the pains taken to preserve the town's fame as a centre for making pork pies. For the past five years the trophy for the best Melton Mowbray pork pie at the annual show of the Melton and Belvoir Agricultural Society has gone to Nottingham pie-makers.

But at the next show a special class is being included for firms from Melton itself. For the past five years only one local man has competed in the championship, but in case it may be thought that the winner of the class is therefore a foregone conclusion, I am told that the organisers hope to attract more entrants. All those who have been, so to speak, resting on their trotters will have a chance to defend Melton's reputation.

New use for airfields

Britain's motorways may be taking some good agricultural land out of use, but they are also, I was interested to learn the other day, helping to bring some of it back into production. Runways of various wartime airfields are being broken up to provide aggregate, and the St. Ives Sand and Gravel Co., of Huntingdonshire, has already returned the Husband's Bosworth airfield in Leicestershire to full agricultural use, and is now completing the breaking up of runways at nearby Lubbenham.

GOOD LIVING *by Ganymede*

Compared to other countries, especially France which is reputed to have 300 or more varieties of cheese, England makes a poor showing in this respect. We only have about half a dozen kinds of indigenous products which are readily available. Although there have been more at one time, several of them have disappeared into the pages of gastronomic history. Of the few, only three are known and enjoyed abroad to any extent, Cheddar, Cheshire and the noblest of them, Stilton. These have been made for centuries, but no new English cheese has been invented (or should I say created) in living memory. Useful and delicious though our cheeses might be, with the exception of Stilton, their virtue is their simplicity in texture and flavour and cannot be regarded as especially stimulating or exciting.

Great credit is therefore due to Mr Ken Seaton, the licensee of a village inn at Ilchester, the Ivelchester Hotel, for his achievement in adding an entirely new cheese of unusual and attractive qualities to our limited repertoire. He has invented the "Ilchester Cheese," which can be regarded as an entirely new cheese, although it is based on an existing variety. With remarkable ingenuity he had the idea of improving the flavour of an ordinary Cheddar by the addition of beer. He developed a process mixing the two ingredients together, which have always been most enjoyable together, but have never been combined into one before. The beer he uses is Worthington "E" a well known bitter beer, and further additions are various herbs of which chives are most easily recognised in flavour. The cheese is best farmhouse Cheddar which is made nearby at the village of Isle Brewers. Mr Seaton set up a small factory next to his inn for the production of Ilchester Cheese just over a year ago, and now it is not only sold in many shops in Britain but is also exported to a large number of countries including Australia, Canada, Bermuda, France and West Germany. Basically it is sold in cartons containing 8 ozs. of cheese; this has been popular in many shops (4s 6d making it the most expensive English cheese) for some time. His great success has induced Mr Seaton to introduce some unusual and attractive new sealed plastic packs as well, recently, which contain smaller portions. One of these consists of four two ounce containers, which can be halved by the shopkeeper and sold in twos (each containing 4 ozs. at 2/6 each), the other the so-called minipack, only has $\frac{3}{4}$ oz. of cheese in each plastic container, nine of which are joined together in a tray, which sells at 5s 3d. The third is a picnic pack containing one "mini" of $\frac{3}{4}$ oz. some cheese biscuits and a plastic knife, a veritable "emergency ration" retailing at 1s each. It will be seen that Ilchester Cheese is not cheap but, after all, one should expect to have to pay for an entirely new gastronomic experience.

The obvious question I am going to be asked is what should be drunk with this new cheese. Its greatest affinity is with beer, and so it suggests that complete meal, so perfect in its simplicity and harmony, bread and cheese and beer. On the other hand Ilchester is a very pleasant cheese to have as part of a meal with which wine is being drunk. What is the position then? There is a prejudice against mixing drinks, and the generally accepted theory is the one which approves of the drinking of wine after beer, but advises against beer after wine. To be frank, I am not sure if there is any truth in this, but I can assure my readers that they will come to no harm if they drink wine with this delicious cheese. In fact, it can be regarded from the drinking point of view as any other cheese. The fact that Ilchester contains beer makes not the slightest difference. I can vouch for this for I have tried it and it works perfectly. The explanation may be that the beer is so well amalgamated in the cheese that it ceases to have a personality of its own, or perhaps there is no harm in mixing beer and wine in any order. Who knows?

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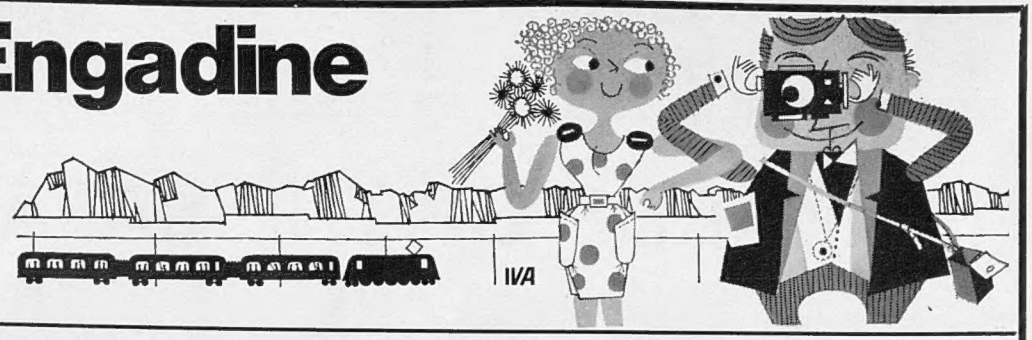

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HAZARDS OF THE SAFARI RALLY

People who buy British-built Ford cars in the next few years will owe a debt of gratitude—in part at least—to the terrific hammering to which a factory-sponsored team of 1½-litre Cortinas was subjected in this year's 3,189-miles East African Safari rally. Looking back to this year's instalment of that classic event, which is so different from European rallies, I am amazed that any of the 94 cars which set out from Nairobi managed to get to the finish.

After reporting the last four Safaris I can assure you that the road and weather conditions with which competitors have to cope are very, very different from those you get ambling down to Brighton on a quiet Sunday afternoon. And apart from the mud, the dust, the ruts, the boulders and the wash-outs (where torrential rain scoops out deep gulleys across a road) you get the additional hazards of wild game suddenly dashing across the road right in your path; yes, and stones thrown by unfriendly Africans.

That is a brief glimpse of the backcloth against which Ford of Britain achieved glory in the 1964 Safari, with Cortinas giving them an outright win (in a *gran turismo* version of this family saloon driven by Peter Hughes and Billy Young), a one-two-three triumph in their class and, most important of all, the manufacturers' team prize.

Only 21 cars finished the course this year and six of them were British: all Fords. Cortinas finished first, third, equal eleventh and fourteenth; Zodiacs gained sixth and thirteenth positions. The other finishers were six of France's tough Peugeots, three of Sweden's two-stroke Saabs, two Mercedes-Benzes, two Ford Comets from the US, a Volkswagen and a Japanese Nissan.

One team of British cars—MG 1100s entered by the Kenya distributor—was completely wiped out; but so, too, were teams of Volvos, Renaults, Hino Contessas and Nissan Bluebirds. Altogether, 73 cars retired for a wide variety of different reasons. Some were rolled, some failed to keep up the challenging average speed schedules of around the 50 m.p.h. mark—and sometimes it was 58!—some ran into animals, bridges, trees or other obstacles, some got stuck in the mud, and many were put out by mechanical trouble (including faulty clutches burnt out in trying to extricate cars from glutinous mud).

A few miles after the start of the 1964 Safari rally, a Ford Cortina meets the rugged conditions of the bush

To safety through better driving

I am convinced that the most profitable line of approach to the problem of road safety is to encourage higher standards of driving skill. That is why I have always been a keen supporter of the Institute of Advanced Motorists, who have handsomely lived down the criticism that by issuing a radiator badge they were merely fostering a snobbery of the road. It is the reason, too, why I applaud a better-driving scheme just announced jointly by the British School of Motoring and *Motor*.

They are calling it the A-level driving course. You go out in your own car with a BSM expert for three sessions lasting a total of six hours. The man at your side is not an examiner, for this is not a test. He is a friendly instructor, though it would perhaps be more realistic to regard him as a co-driver (as in the BSM High Performance Course).

You drive around with him in all kinds of traffic conditions. If he sees any faults in your driving he gently corrects them. He gladly answers any questions on driving techniques and, when desired, demonstrates them. Above all, he puts a polish on your driving; gives it style, in fact. The nominal fee is 10 gns but *Motor* readers pay less.

I was told by BSM: " Our new course isn't intended to turn anyone into a police patrol driver. It is intended equally for the motorist who habitually drives a Mini Traveller full of children and for the driver who uses his car mainly to take the family into the country for the weekend. We think, too, that it will appeal to fathers who are planning to give son or daughter a new car as a coming-of-age present."

Experienced motorists who have praised the new A-level course include world champion Jim Clark and Mr Wilfrid Andrews, chairman of the RAC. Mr Andrews pointed out that the RAC's recently published Road Safety Report laid special emphasis on the need for first-class driving tuition and traffic education.

Changes in the stars

It was a bit of a shock to find that the Cote d'Or at Saulieu has lost all three of its stars in the 1964 edition of the Michelin Guide to France. We know that this famous guide is incorruptible, so what on earth could have happened to this famous restaurant on RN6? There is a happy explanation. The chef has retired and the man taking his place must, in accordance with Michelin tradition, prove that he deserves those three stars. He cannot simply inherit them from the chef who trained him.

In the UK the Michelin Guide to France has gone up in price by 2s 6d to 25s and it is still well worth it. Four hundred and twelve hotels and restaurants have been deleted but there are 525 new recommendations and the guide is a few pages bigger than last year.

I am glad Michelin have retained their map showing the location of towns where good meals can be obtained at reasonable all-in cost. But the price fixed for these meals has jumped from 10 francs to 12, which is 18s. This, say the Dickens Press, who publish the Michelin guides and maps in the UK, reflects the general increase in French retail prices.

It should be noted, however, that in some of the towns marked on this " economy " map there are eating places where meals can be had at all-in prices of less than 12 francs.

Complementary to the Michelin Guide is the Guide des Relais Routiers, the new edition of which lists 5,000 of the relais routiers—lorry drivers' restaurants—where good, relatively inexpensive meals can be had in France, Belgium, Spain, Holland, Switzerland and even North Africa. A three-course meal, with wine, usually costs ten francs (about 14s).

French truck drivers are fond of good food and they formed an organisation to pick out and recommend restaurants where good meals can be obtained at reasonable prices. They can be identified by red and blue plaques and I have never been disappointed with any I have called at, either because I was running short of francs or because I think a motoring writer should know about these things.

At most of these *relais*, rooms are available at seven francs a night (about 10s 6d). They are simply furnished but always scrupulously clean. The guide costs 19s and can be obtained from the AA and RAC. There are thousands of British members of an organisation called Les Amis des Routiers who, by displaying a distinctive badge, can rely on the help of French lorry drivers if they break down or get into other kinds of trouble.

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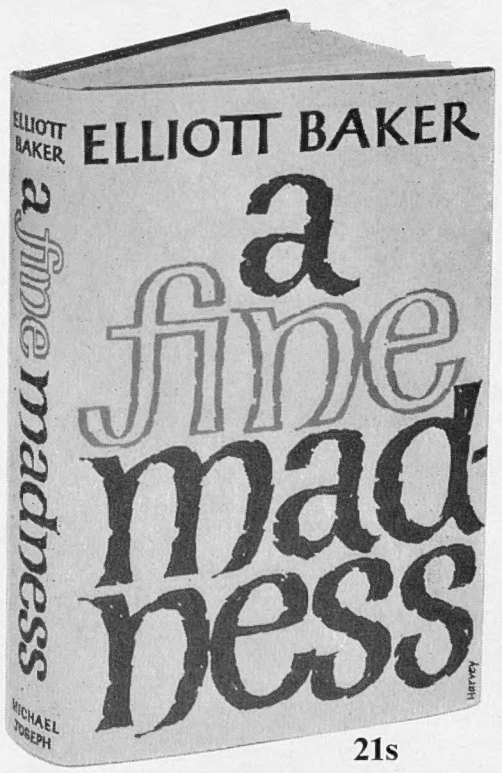

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